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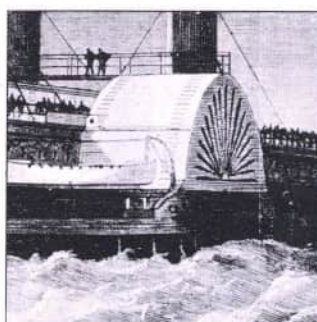
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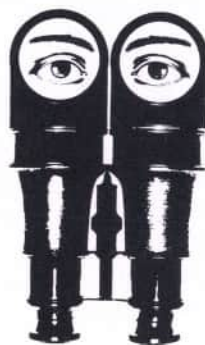
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SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
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The incredible success story of Mayfair continues unabated. With this issue of the magazine we have for the first time ever printed more than a quarter of a million copies. That in publishing terms is a lot of thunder. We long ago left magazines like Punch and Nova trailing way behind us. Now it means that we are overtaking the monthly magazines in the women's field like Honey and 19.

How has it happened? In general, of course, because we strive to bring you a magazine we ourselves like. We don't ask you to believe anything, campaign for anything, get angry about anything. We just ask you to forget the mists and the mortgages and spend an hour and a half with some of the pleasant things of life. By heaven, you've earned it. After a normal month of famines in Asia, floods in Europe, bitter warfare in Ulster, prancing politicians, non-efficient Gas Boards, non-arriving buses you deserve a bit of a break.

But our recent success is more than just the natural reaction to all this. Something else has happened. Just where are the extra readers coming from? The possible answer is that with the Chancellor's lifting of certain restrictions there is a little more money about. It could be that. Editor Kenneth Bound has a different theory, although it's a hunch, nothing else. He thinks that we have broken through to a new reader - the man who up to this moment has had minor guilt feelings about a magazine with naked hirsute women in it.

Because publishing matters have been much in the newspapers recently he has taken to looking at magazines like Mayfair just to understand what the discussion and arguments on censorship, nudity, pornography and naturism are all about. In the case of Mayfair he has liked what he has found, discovering that it is neither salacious nor shocking, and is just about as interested in sex as he is.

If you are one of those new readers, welcome. You'll find you are in good company.

The longterm reader will have noticed another thing. This copy of Mayfair is still 30p the same price as four years ago. A remarkable record you may think. The more so when you realise that rival publications have this month put their prices up. But not Mayfair. Your support in making our circulation so sound has put off the evil day when the cover price must rise. Another good reason for staying with us.

City gents may have noticed that the Commercial Union Assurance Company has adopted as its symbol a large CU which winks neonly from its new office block. The story going round the City is that a joker phoned the office and said: 'National Trust here, old boy. Any chance of sharing your office block. Between us we'll have something every man in the world wants.'

Richard Gilbert, the thirty-three-years-old London author of 'Those Migratory Birds' has collated his information from various trips to the USA and from a close inspection of the sometimes 'terrifying' American visitor on home ground. He's also written a book on the subject, City of Angels, and is a regular contributor to The Listener and The Observer magazine. His recognition manual starts on page 64.

Suspended high above a gaping crowd, those very daring young trapeze artistes had more to worry about than merely falling to their deaths in days gone by - they also spent a fair old time working out how to prevent an equally unpleasant fall from grace if their breasts popped out of their costumes during the inverted part of their act. Salvation was at hand in the shape of a gentle-

man who rejoiced in the improbable but authentic name of Hans Delving – he came up with an up-lift bra in reverse which artistes wore to prevent fall-out. This scrap of information was gleaned from Bust-Up, the uplifting tale of Otto Titzling and the development of the bra (Macdonald 75p).

If you're having trouble keeping your enemies at a safe distance, you don't actually have to learn karate – though it's useful. All you need is an embroidered cloth karate badge, bearing the clenched fist symbol, cross swords or the word karate and a picture of a guy getting nasty with a pile of tiles. You can stitch it onto your jacket, T shirt or shirt and prices range from 40p to 75p. Or you could just sport a lapel badge. What is more, you don't need to speak a word of Chinese to get one. Karate & Oriental Arts of 638 Fulham Road, London SW6, supply them by post. They also have a bi-monthly magazine on the subject from which we unashamedly lift the following horoscope for Virgo: 'There are no Virgos doing

Karate. Hence the well known karate dressing room song, entitled: Where did all the Virgos go?'

And for Leo: 'Leo subjects are not all the Lions they may seem to be. They are good at giving loud "kiai" due to their well developed tonsils but do not jump around like a number of other signs.

Mostly, they do very little hard training or kumite themselves but make their wives or girl friends do all the work . . . There goes a karate man we can appreciate.

Nudity, it seems, is no longer confined to the stage. In the foyer of a Swedish theatre at the showing of 'Oh! Calcutta!' two young girls attempted to take their seats in the kind of evening dress that's usually reserved for the bath-tub. They were turned away because, according to producer Olle Kinon 'We don't want any competition'.

The models were part of an enterprising photographer's stunt. Wonder if the idea could possibly catch on over here . . . at the Royal Festival Hall or the Roundhouse, perhaps?



Sorry ladies: Oh! Calcutta! man rules that enough buff is enough

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LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

This letter is aimed at your broadminded lady readers and was conceived during one of my rare journeys by air. I found myself thinking of the recent case in which a couple made love in a plane in full view of the rest of the passengers.

There were no such diversions on my flight. But it did make me wonder about the reaction of some of your female readers in the event of their having to make love in the presence of a third party – perhaps when losing a bet or paying a forfeit. Would they prefer to do so in the presence of a man or another woman, and why?

G.C.J., Clevedon, Bristol (full name and address withheld on request)

Your ghost story (June Vol. 6 No. 12) prompts a perfectly true story I heard first hand from a veteran of Verdun.

He returned to the scene of the battle after the end of the second world war and took some photographs of the obelisk which stood on a square of gravel surrounded on three sides by hedgerows.

On the developed picture the gravel came out as white, while the hedge appeared as a black bar – there was a very definite line between the end of the one and the start of the other. This is important, because on the developed picture 'something' was breaking up the straight line between the hedge and the gravel. The film was 'blown up' and I saw the result myself. Despite the fact that there was no-one else near the monument at the

time, the enlargement shows quite plainly that a *boot* breaks up that straight line.

Above that boot are puttees, and then tunic trousers, belt, cross straps, an outline of the face and a flat-peaked cap with the brim resting on the soldier's nose. He was standing at the attention position with a pace stick tucked under his right arm.

An old man's fantasy? A downright lie? A photographic freak?

All I can say is that I have seen the pictures myself, I can vouch for the detail of the uniform and the veteran himself is absolutely certain that when he took the photo no-one else was there. In addition, he checked – and no soldier was wearing that uniform at that time.

David Hill, Tamworth Road, Newcastle

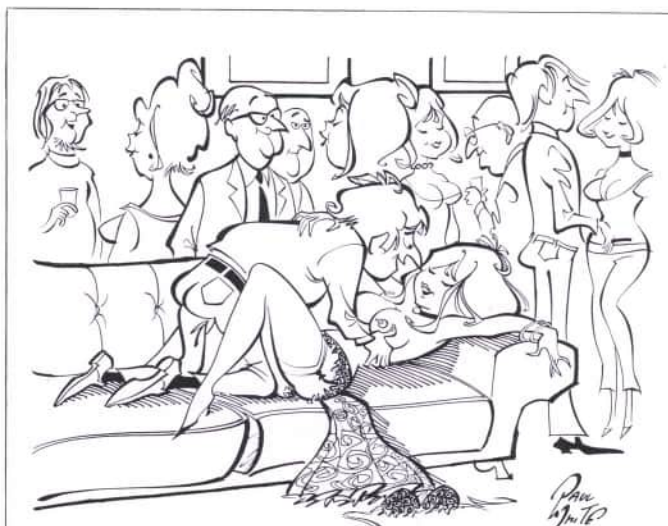
After reading your extracts from 'The Sensuous Man,' one feels 'M' is the type of man one always hopes to meet, but never does. I first experienced sex rather late in life and even now, after a number of encounters, still feel I don't give or get the enjoyment I should. Partly, I feel, the men are to blame. As your Sensuous Man says: the hands and mouth play an important part in making love. Alas, it seems most men I meet either don't have the time, or just can't be bothered with the preliminaries. Maybe I'm a bit old fashioned, but I'm sure most women like to feel wanted for themselves even if it is only play-acting on the man's part. Kissing, hand-holding and perhaps a few endearing words both before and afterwards can go a long way.

It's a pity a greater majority of men are not more like the Sensuous Man. Perhaps every male could be issued with a copy. Though I doubt if they'd bother to read it.

Miss M.B., Chichester, Sussex (full name and address withheld on request)

Having previously read letters in Mayfair concerning English girls 'not being backward at coming forward' I found the same thing happening to me during the summer when I was back home from Canada visiting friends and relations.

I had offered to take over a night watchman's job at a small hosiery factory in the North Midlands. The regular



'I'd almost given up hope of finding someone I could communicate with'

man – an old friend from school days needed time off to get married and the management approved my substitution. The factory employees were a pleasant lot and happy to ply me with questions about Canada when I appeared at 'go home and lock up' time.

A group of five girls, aged from about 17 to 34, were especially interested in how the Alberta girls behaved (or did not). On my third night I was requested by the group to give an impartial male ruling when everyone else had gone. I was taken to the ladies rest room and told I must judge which of the five had the best legs. To make sure there was no favouritism, each girl appeared in turn in the doorway clad only in pantyhose and completely muffled from the waist up. As an added bonus – if I could identify the girl with the shaved pubis she was mine. I made my evaluations – number four had the best legs and number two was the shaved one. Strangely enough I was correct and the other four departed leaving number two and I alone to enjoy the deserted factory.

I discovered on my last day, that the girl with the shaved pubes had decided she was going to 'have me' and had appeared all five times in the doorway. Her bald pubes had been disguised on four of the trips by a skilfully located piece of wig. The other four had merely aided and abetted.

D.C., Calgary, Alberta, Canada (name and address withheld on request)

I read with interest your com-

ment in Scene (Vol. 6 No. 10) concerning copulation on BOAC flight 591 but I am unimpressed by the airline's account that 'both passengers had sexual intercourse . . .' Surely the time for wonder will be when only one passenger achieves the feat?

Ron Malings, York House, Kingsway, London WC2

I never fully realised before what a powerful stimulus smell really is.

Two weeks ago I went out with a girl I'd met at a party. I hardly knew her but we had a pretty good time together, I remember. But then I had to go away for a while on a business trip and she slipped from my mind completely. Then, when I returned, I started sorting through some clothes that needed cleaning. I came across the sweater I'd worn on that date – and immediately the memory of that evening and the soft, clinging curves of the girl came to me almost like a hammer-blow. It seems almost stupid to have such emotions entangled to an inanimate object of wool and nylon – but that's the way it was. The upshot of all this was that I phoned the girl again and we picked up where we left off – thanks to a few smells in an old sweater.

J.N., Gronor Crescent, Glasgow, W2 (full name withheld on request)

I beg to be included amongst those of your readers who are older and wiser. It had always seemed highly remiss that neither my dentist nor doctor provided Mayfair in their

waiting rooms. My dentist in particular I told, would not only increase his practice with a few copies of Mayfair lying around in his waiting rooms, but would find his male patients in such a pleasant state of euphoria that his receptionist and nurse could be employed doing other things than just holding them down in the chair. He suggested that I supply the Mayfair at first and he'd see how it went.

It certainly went. I now know why I never see it in waiting rooms – it disappears, almost instantly.

Well, it's their loss, not mine – I can read it at home.

P. Rogers, Grove End Gardens, St Johns Wood, London NW8

If you look further in this month's issue, you'll see an even better reason for going to the dentist's. Try page 36.

Would Mayfair clear up a small argument between my friend and I? My friend claims that the Mayfair staff do little but get chased round the offices all day long by naked beauties clamouring to be photographed for the mag. He says that he once visited Chancery Lane and half undressed

dolly-birds were popping out of every cupboard and door.

I don't believe him. I think it was just a large number of ex-girlfriends trying to catch up with Edward Knox.

D. J. Austin, Lever Edge Lane, Bolton, Lancashire

Edward Knox replies: You have me there, or rather the girls had me there – they had me here as well for that matter. But seriously Austers, old chap, (put it away love. How can I answer this chap's letter with you fiddling about like that?) I'm a firm believer in the old adage – put a little bit away each day for your old adage. I could list a number of authors on this. For example – a girl in every cupboard and any cupboard will do so long as it's the drinks cabinet. Or this one – dictation in cupboard more fun than dictation round desk . . .

To you lot in London, Pobbles (Vol. 6 No. 11) with her wonder breasts, might seem a little improbable, but out here in the west-country I find her highly possible.

Bristol and points west have always been renowned for their super-bust-birds.

There has to be some ecological



or hereditary reason but I'm not worried about it. As the man said, let things stand as they are. And Pobbles' breasts certainly don't need any help from me in standing out – though I secretly wish they did. S.G., Shepton Mallet, Somerset (full name withheld on request)

Small girls with big breasts are the greatest. I had been of this opinion long before I saw Prudence Bingham (Vol. 6 No. 11) between your pages.

Pobbles' delightfully impish character and fine physical

form more than substantiate my belief.

I have found such girls warm, generous and giving. Despite the fact one towers over them they have a deep mothering instinct and are liable to treat one as a rather wayward boy – an attitude I find not altogether unpleasant. Perhaps this is due to an over awareness of their bust development.

I also find them quieter and more reserved in unknown company – perhaps again due to faint embarrassment of their breasts. While it's true women with small breasts long for larger equipment, those with large ones are apt to envy their slimmer counterparts.

But there's no feeling like the feeling of pride and protection when the girl barely comes up to your shoulder or the peaceful togetherness when you lay your head on those soft resilient breasts.

Still waters run deep and they don't come any deeper than Pobbles.

F.T.S., Hexham Road, Newcastle 15 (full name withheld on request)

I see Mayfair has cornered the market in beautiful girls. Don't you think the gentlemanly

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thing to do would be to issue shares? You're certainly getting yours. I'll promise to keep quiet if you just send me Pobbles.

W.D.M., Winton, Bournemouth, Hants (full name and address withheld on request)

What in?

I'm surprised that Quest hasn't yet come up with a survey on the affect drink has on girls – there must be thousands of dollys up and down the land who have lost inhibitions – and a lot more as well – thanks to the loosening influence of alcohol.

If I can call a case to mind – I'd met this girl at our local club and invited her out for a drink. I picked her up at her home – she lived with her parents – and drove down to a nice pub by the river. To begin with, as often happens, the conversation was a bit sticky.

By the time we were sitting down with our drinks I was working really hard to stop one of those painful silences. For lack of much to say, I kept on filling up her glass and for lacking of anything better to do, she kept knocking them back. Gradually we both got a little drunk and thawed out to such an extent that by the time the pub closed we were getting on very well together. Back at her home she invited me in for coffee. Her parents were in bed and we had the lounge to ourselves. While she fixed the coffee I sat on the lounge floor and looked through her record collection. I was still sitting there when she put down the coffee and came over. She stood right against me, her thighs pressed against my shoulder. It took me about three seconds to respond to that sort of promise. I put both hands against her legs and glided up swiftly. Soon my fingers encountered the damp, bulging promise at the fork of her legs and in less time than it takes to set down she and I were locked together on the floor. Believe me, the coffee on the table was the only thing that was getting colder!

H.E. Leatherhead, Surrey (full name and address withheld on request)

I wonder if there is any truth at all in the rule of thumb my friend lives by. He claims, simply, that a girl is only as fast as the car she drives.

To me, that rule seems full of the most glaring and obvious inconsistencies, the most obvious of which is that a girl may go like the proverbial barnhouse door but be unable to afford the kind of souped-up rocket she automatically qualifies for. But my friend remains adamant: and certainly, if the number of girls he pulls is any proof that his system works, then it does. Take out a girl who drives one of those upright, middle-of-the-road family models of a decade ago and you'll have to fight for every inch above the hem-line, he says – but should you have the skill to latch onto some dolly who spends her odd moments behind the wheel of a new sports car, you'll need more than a safety-belt to stay in place.

P.H. Little Heath, Potters Bar (full name and address withheld on request)

While walking home late at night recently I was stopped by two police officers and asked what I was doing walking the streets at 11.30 pm with a briefcase in my hand. I told them and was then ordered to open my briefcase. The two officers stood well back while I did so and then moved in efficiently the second it was open. Inside – among other things – they found a current issue of Mayfair.

Instant transformation! Beaming smiles, friendly chat and an animated exchange about the magazine's contents! Finally they drove off with a cheery wave leaving me with a great feeling of affection for our bobbies. They are human after all!

R.G-B Wandsworth Bridge Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6

Your Quest report (Vol. 6, No. 10) was topical in that it is no longer mostly men who buy vibrators (with women in mind).

About a year ago, women overtook men as purchasers; they seem to have stopped trying to disguise their sex – so now we get a fair picture.

The present rate of sales is 30,000 a year – but the vibrator is only a small part of total trade in sexual artifice or 'prosthetic' devices which go through Pellen in one way or another, wholesale, retail or by post.

From head to toe women are

turn to page 10

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LETTERS

continued from page 8

covered in devices and substitutes - and in the end they may turn out to be our best customers in other areas too. *Paul Rimmer, Pellen Personal Products Ltd., Tottenham, London N15*

I caught one of your Mayfair chicks in the flesh the other day and found her as sexy as her pictures.

At the time I was drinking my way from stand to stand (har har) round Earls Court Motor Show on Press Day when I momentarily glimpsed a familiar pair of flared nostrils and rosy cheeks. After five minutes elbow work through the crush of pressmen, photographers, company reps and stand erec-tors (sic) I came face to cleft bottom with Miss Susy Shaw (Vol. 6, No. 11). She was reclining face down and naked across the bonnet of a shiny TVR sports coupe. But it was the reflection of her pubes in the gleaming paintwork that really made my day.

J.C., Sussex Gardens, London W2 (full name withheld on request)

Ever found your prospects of promotion hinging on your ability to chat a beautiful girl into stripping? And do it in front of a hundred milling pressmen when she doesn't want to and your boss says she has to?

There I was on the company stand at the Motor Show, chatting to our promotion dolly and looking forward to ten days doing nothing when the boss loomed over and drew me aside.

'There are,' he said, 'a pair of beauties on the TVR stand stripping off. We aren't going to get any publicity unless we get our's naked. I want her hot pants off inside the next ten minutes.'

Fair enough, I'd enjoy doing it. But the girl wasn't having any. She was quite adamant that her hot pants were staying on. Mummy and Daddy would never forgive her. And she said it in such a sweet voice and with such a beautiful smile I really couldn't press her any further.

The boss returned to find the dolly still as fully dressed as any dolly could be; in tiny

tight hot pants and midriff high blouse and looked as though he was going to throw me off the stand. There went my promotion, I thought.

The girl did finally strip - but it was much later, around one am the next morning - and she wasn't doing it for the newspapers. It was, she said, the least she could do.

A.M., Westbourne Terrace, London W2 (full name withheld on request)

Dare I say it? I find Mayfair Books the juiciest review column ever. Arthur Pottersman certainly is adept at extracting the meat without losing the message.

F.S.T., Thorold Road, Chatham, Kent.

Your free-swinging Med chicks, Julia and Kirsten (Vol. 6, No. 11) are not, I have found, a merely Continental phenomenon.

Last summer I spent three months cruising around the surfing-crazy north coasts of Cornwall and Devon on a friend's cabin cruiser and met a number of girls with the same idea of whiling away the entire summer living on the beaches. Most of them were young office girls who'd opted for this free-wheeling attitude because they could not understand why they should be cooped up in hot buildings and dusty cities in the height of the summer.

They were brown from long periods spent lying in the sun doing nothing. Often they'd swim out to the boat in groups and ask to come aboard. Some of them would strip completely naked and we always made sure we had enough drink on board. Those were fantastic days.

For my own part, there was something utterly carefree in living in nothing but jeans and T shirt for weeks on end and feeling the sun and salt brown my skin and fade my clothes. Is this going to herald a new era of leisure? The girls I met would have their holidays no other way. The winter they thought, was cold enough and long enough for a whole year's work.

P.J., Strood, Kent (name and address withheld)

I have a most important announcement for all my fellow tube travellers.

During the morning and even-

turn to page 82

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

ing rush hours on any weekday in London 14,118 young girls givesomeone, somewhere along the route a glimpse of their panties. In many cases the glimpses are obviously duplicated (i.e. one girl in her journey gives many glimpses), in others, one glimpse is all anyone gets.

How did I arrive at this staggering figure? Faced with a quiet afternoon at work I took the liberty of feeding the relevant facts – total miles of underground track (254), number of tubes running during the peak hour (487), number of coaches per tube (7–8), number of passengers (80–120); average percentage of dolly birds per carriage (15), and average number of glimpses received by myself per carriage per stop over six months (secret) – into the computer.

The computer thundered and smoked and came out with the answer.

So no matter how fuzzy, hung-over or miserable you feel issuing to work next Monday

morning, just remember, someone, somewhere is going to give you an eyeful.

P. Druiff, Fulham Road, London SW6

Why are female traffic wardens so damn asexual? Just imagine how fabulous it would be if each time we drivers broke one of the rules of the road a buxom little blonde in straining, button-popping uniform and mini-skirt was there to hand out the tickets. The men would be queueing up, there'd be smiles on the road again and all would be right with the world... wouldn't it?

J.F., Clarence Gate Gardens, Glentworth Street, N.W.1

There's a particular sexual proclivity called 'Two's-upsy' which I had never been fortunate enough to experience until the night I set fire to my tent on a Spanish camping holiday.

Sounds strange? It was certainly embarrassing.

I had been in Spain for ten days of my allotted fourteen without so much as a whiff of sex.

That evening I dozed off without extinguishing my reading candle. I must have upset the

candle as I dozed and with it, a half-full litre of cheap local brandy which went up in flames like rocket fuel.

I wriggled from my blazing sleeping bag and shot out under the side flap of the tent – not unlike a rocket myself.

That's how I came to be standing by my mini-van, bollock naked, watching all my clothes and most of my gear going up in smoke. Most embarrassing was the sudden realisation that two girls in a nearby tent were staring at me through their front flap and that I was wearing a mystifying erection, brilliantly illuminated by my blazing tent. They were giggling furiously. I was into my mini in a flash. There I sank down in the seat as far as I could and wondered what the hell to do next.

This highly Edward Knoxian state of affairs was resolved to some degree when one of the girls tapped on the car window. She had brought me, she said, something to wear and an invitation to join them in their tent.

The 'something to wear' was a pair of miniscule pink bikini panties and my efforts to cram myself into them were not helped by the girl standing at

the car window watching me. In their tent my embarrassment of the ridiculous briefs, their unconcealed darting looks and the way they giggled brought me to a state where the damn object of their gaze escaped over the top of the briefs.

That was all they needed. They had plenty of local wine, their sleeping bags were the zip-up type which join into a double and after the candles were doused it seemed there were going to be no gropes barred.

Why do I recount this? I've just had a phone call from two chicks who've just arrived from Spain at Heathrow and want me to put them up for a week.

I must end now – they'll be here any minute and I don't want to keep the little darlings waiting.

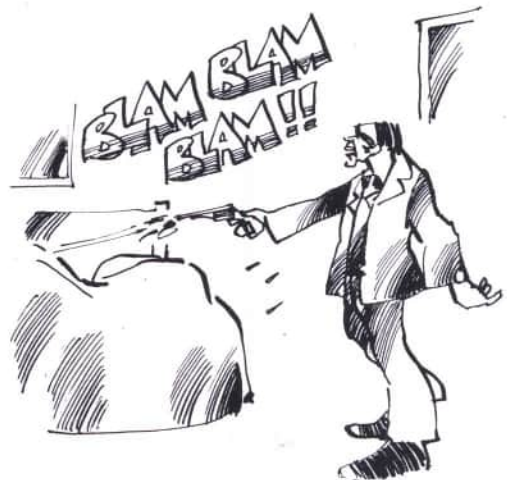
I.T.H., Upper Richmond Road West, London, SW14 (full name withheld for at least a week in the interests of undisturbed privacy)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

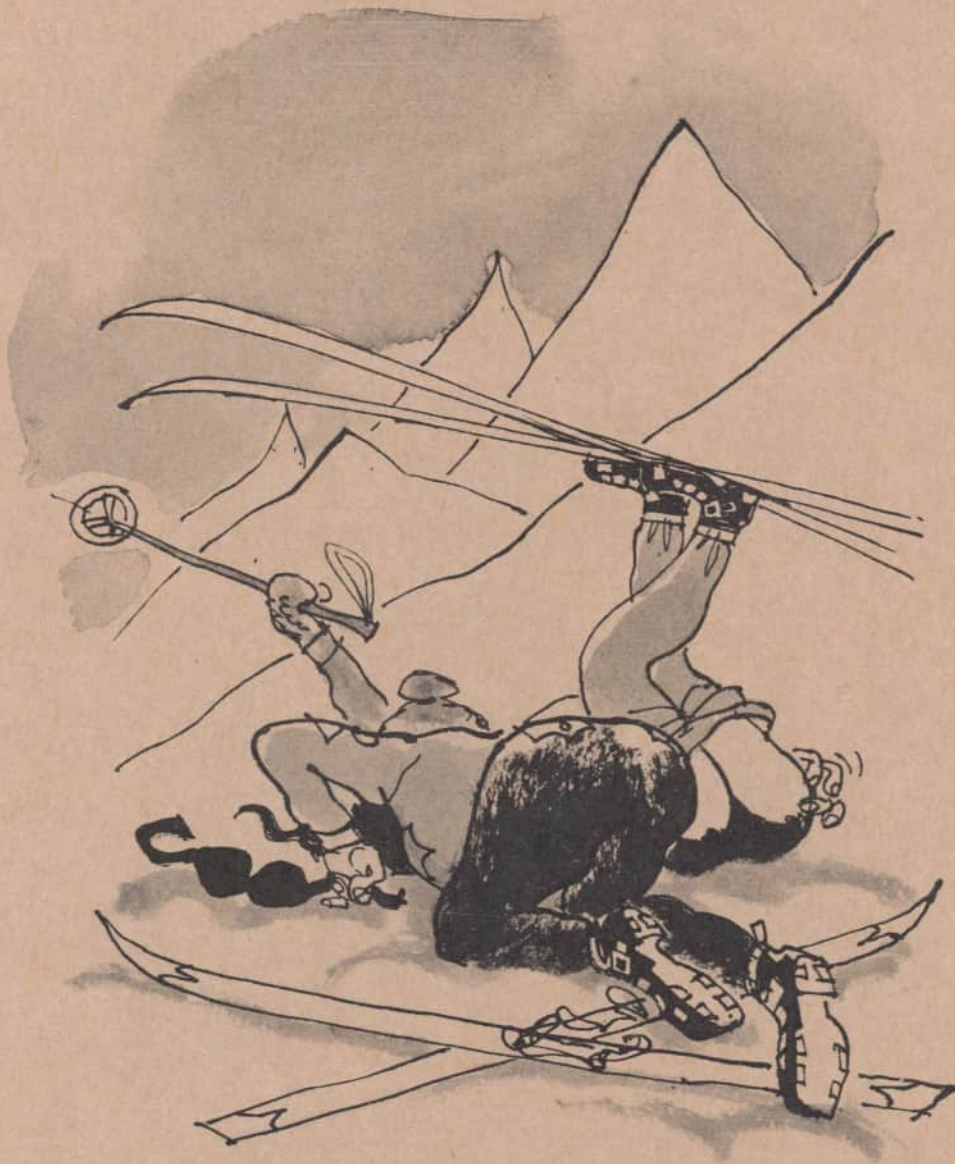
CAZ



CAZ



"Good God, Holmes and Doctor Watson! — Believe me gentlemen, I've been meaning to shoot those rolled-up blankets and pillows for ages..."



The beginner should try to keep skis
together at all times . . .

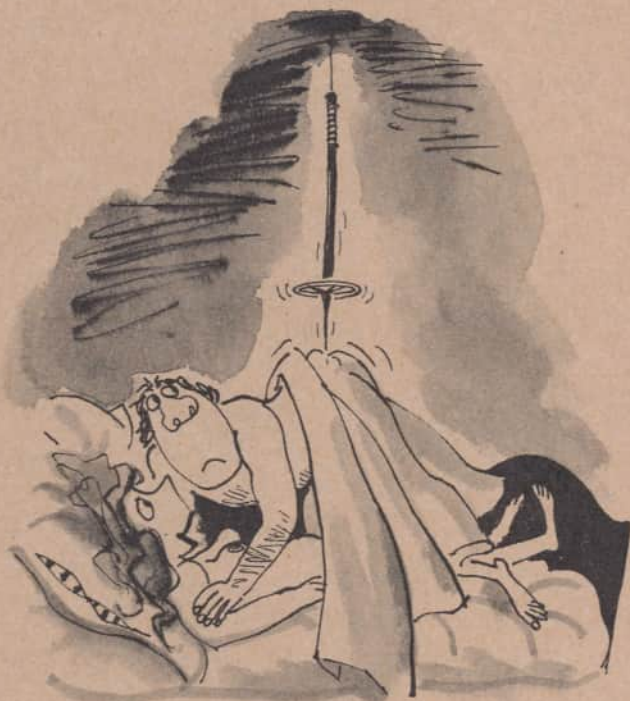
*'Aw, c'mon, Miss Waverley – you don't mean to tell
me this is your first time?'*

THE SNOW FALL

Roy Raymonde illustrates the perils
of misunderstanding the basic rules of ski-ing



Tight boots give you greater control . . .
'Congratulations! Your endurance figure's up by ten seconds. How about trying it with tight goggles?'



Avoid getting poked by a ski-stick . . .
'My husband put it there. He calls it his Sword of Damocles.'



To perform on one ski is rated a show-off trick . . .
'Stop worrying, doll. I won the Standing-Up-in-a-Hammock-on-Roller-Skates Performance Cup three years running.'



Don't despair – the ski-instructor has been at it longer than you . . .
'For the fifth lesson, Miss Marjoribanks, I shall teach you how to suck eggs.'



If you feel you are slipping, dig in your edges . . .
'For God's sake, Miriam, why don't you cut your toenails?'



At the end of the week the instructors test you and you can win a medal for your prowess . . .
'Step this way, Signorina. I have a little something I'd like to pin on you.'



At weekends avoid the piste . . .
'God help us! Three pints and a cherry brandy and I can twist him round my little finger - just.'



Moguls are small mounds that competent skiers seek out for extra thrills . . .
'Oh, come on, Rodders - admit you're just a little bit thrilled!'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Every mother wants her daughters to marry well, and especially when, like Elsa Golden, she's come up the hard way – from flat on her back. For Elsa Golden, whose young beauty and limber body had saved her from a Nazi concentration camp – and sold her into a high class bordello – knew all about men: what made them tick and where and how. Especially how. She had been taught the motions that move men most by a husband-and-wife team. Every morning, records Sydney Box gravely in his novel *The Golden Girls* (Triton, £2.00), the wife came to Elsa's bedroom and demonstrated the positions and angles from which to handle and receive clients – and every afternoon the husband came to test the pupil's aptness for her instruction.

It was the day of the banana that decided Elsa's life. That morning, she had been shown how to kiss a banana without consuming any of its fruity flesh. Came the afternoon she just couldn't do the same for her male tutor. So he took a cane, and holding her down with his left hand on her neck, he beat her naked buttocks until she lost consciousness.

As the pain and scars wore away, Elsa considered her plight and determined: 'I will make myself the most practised, the most tantalisingly desirable, and most successful and sought-after cocotte in Germany – maybe even the world. I will make a fortune and see that I keep it. And one day, when the right moment comes, that will give me my freedom.'

So she read all the books and studied all the photographs and learned all the techniques – so well that her employer soon set her up in an exclusive apartment of her own. There she received just a few of the richest men in Europe. For months she was indifferent to the male members of her circle on whom she used her varied and uninhibited techniques. And then one night she did care. A high-ranking American army officer penetrated his

inevitable way to her heart: 'In a moment he was suckling one breast and gently caressing the other . . . His tongue flickered to and fro across the nipple; then his teeth held it and released it and held it again . . . Elsa found he was arousing her in a way she had never been aroused before. As he took the second nipple in his teeth she writhed at the unwanted sensations that were running through her and dug her fingernails deep into the flesh of his shoulders. Now he was probing her navel with his tongue and his hands were running up and down the insides of her thighs. His lips left her navel and began to move down her belly, obviously with other targets in view, but Elsa had reached the point of no return. Her entire body was on fire. She moaned aloud and took him by the hair and pulled him up towards her. Robert (remember that name) lowered his body onto hers and she received him eagerly, gladly, gratefully, writhing convulsively with her need for him, wrapping her legs around him as she fought to draw him ever closer to her, to envelop him with her hot, demanding, passionate femininity.

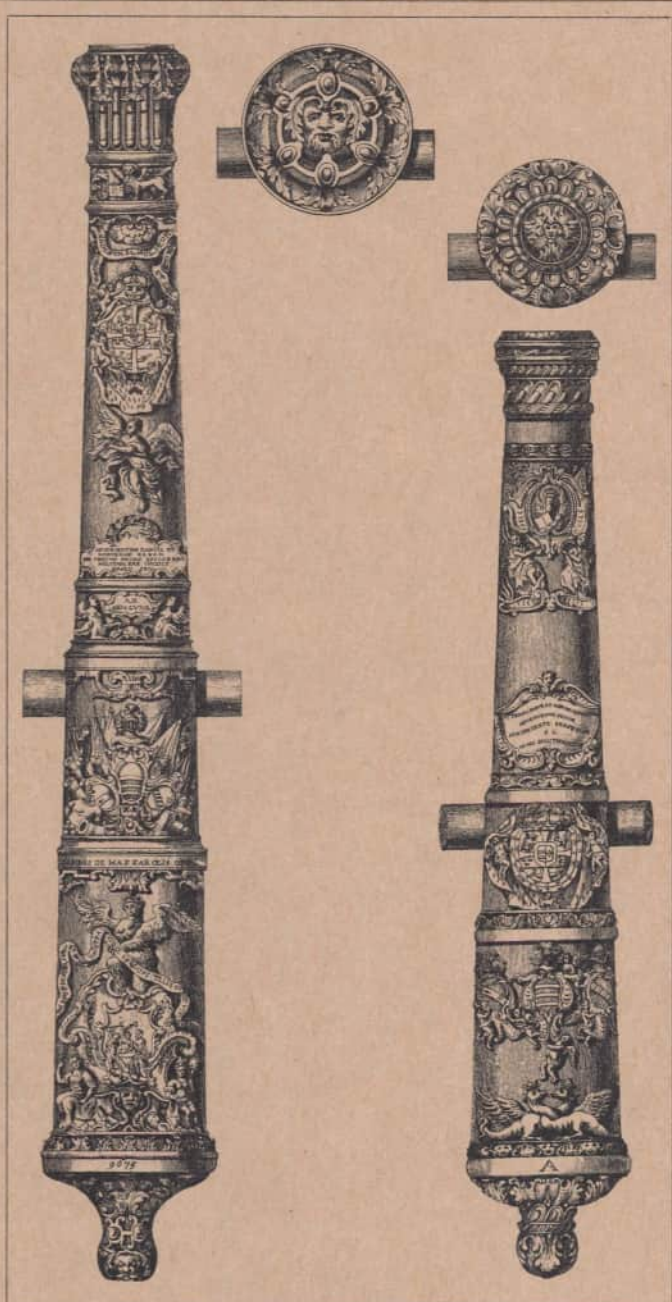
For a moment she stayed poised on the edge of infinity and then it was as though an atomic bomb had exploded in her womb. The agony was unbelievable. The ecstasy was unbelievable, too. Suddenly she was weeping uncontrollably and Robert was kissing away her tears and holding her close in his arms.' Naturally, when the plot develops a kink in the shape of the rapist millionaire deciding he wants to marry Elsa and have her all for his own, she seeks Robert's help – after all, she is bearing his child. Robert finds a young ex-GI to provide a husband of convenience – in return for Elsa's carefully hidden savings. He proves a decent young man – Elsa helps him lose his virginity as they escape to America – and, contrary to her money-making plans, their marriage proves a real one.

The plot thickens just enough for Elsa's husband to get beaten into crippledom by gangsters, and his millionaire boss to give Elsa a glamorous job. Then, after many months of virtual widowhood, she finds the millionaire has fallen in love with her. Too much emotion seems to render him

impotent. 'Lie down and relax,' she tells him. 'It'll be all right in a minute, you'll see!'

'Elsa slid down the bed and moved one leg across so that she was kneeling astride him, but no part of her body was touching him except her breasts, which she moved to and fro caressingly across his chest. Gradually she moved lower so that her breasts were now stroking his abdomen and her lips were caressing his

nipples. Slowly, as if reluctantly, she left them and moved lower down the bed. Now her breasts were moving caressingly to and fro across his pubic hair and her tongue was gently moving in and out of his navel . . . changing her position she began to run her fingers up the insides of his thighs. Elsa straightened up and came to lie beside him.' Now all this while, she has also had three daughters, two of



*In Venice, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, even the weapons of war were works of art. The culverin, left and the cannon, right, both appear in *Guns: An Illustrated History of Artillery* (£9.80, Stephens) which sets out to encompass the evolution of heavy military firepower. It succeeds brilliantly. Pages and pages of glossy pictures with drawings, paintings and engravings to support the military experts from four nations who map out the history of the guns from the fourteenth century to the present day. A beautiful, rich addition to any bookshelf, written for laymen by experts.*

them perfectly legitimate, and she determines to launch them as a kind of Golden Girls Corporation. She brings them up strictly, teaches them their bodies are far too valuable to be handing out free samples, and picks the eldest as the ideal wife for – her own lover. She teaches the girl her own superb techniques, but alas, only mother knows best, and elderly married lover can't do it with the daughter of the woman he loves – especially when the caressing methods each uses are virtually identical! Exit millionaire Number One, in a blaze of disputed wills.

But Elsa is nothing if not resilient. She has her next daughter marry a European prince – only he gets assassinated by a republican. Then she tricks another millionaire into marrying another of the three girls – only he discovers the trick and divorces her without a cent (moral: when you've kidded your husband you're pregnant, don't refuse him entry on the grounds that you've got the curse). But isn't daughter number 3 OK? She's the one that a highly sexed King of Hollywood took a fancy to. Except that the young lady doesn't take a fancy to such scenes as this, after a naked group swim in a private pool:

'Drew, with his king-size equipment swinging to and fro, began to towel Peaches enthusiastically, with special attention to that magnificent bosom and some rather artfully managed saw-like movements between her legs . . . He presented his naked carcass to Peaches, who set to work with a will towelling him. For a few moments there appeared to be nothing unusual about this, except the complete nudity of the two participants. But suddenly Peaches threw the towel aside with a dramatic gesture and shrieked: "How do you expect me to rub you down with that thing in the way?"'

Elsa once again rescues them all from the financial disasters that follow the crumbling of her carefully laid (and how!) plans. With Mafia help and protection, she launches a chain of the most exclusively glamorous beauty parlours across the USA. Rich women flock there eagerly – particularly those in need of her discreet special treatments: carefully selected young studs, all types, colours and sizes



who can satisfy the most recherché client's needs.

At last Elsa can retire. Her daughters are settled at last. One has found a truly doting millionaire, ultra-respectable, to love and marry. The second – well, she did run off with a famous concert pianist, a woman . . . but at least they've settled down with a highly sexed French aristocrat (male) to turn it into a ménage à trois. Then there's the third, the ex-Hollywood starlet – hasn't she found a millionaire of her own, too? Well, she had, but then seems she finds another one she prefers, and she phones Mama to tell her all about him. His name is Robert, Mama . . . (Yes – you've guessed it!) . . . Mama are you still there!

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

When not chasing the blaring bandwagons of pop, recording company executives pin their ears to the ether, lay in supplies of liquid refreshment and lie in wait – for the Second Great Coming.

The Second Great Coming is almost due – the group destined for heights the Beatles never scaled; the singer to outlast Presley. The years have rolled by and the time is ripe. With a mixture of sadness and relief I bring the long awaited news from crunchily commer-

cial popland to the world's stereo systems – there will be no Second Great Coming.

The whole structure of pop has diversified so radically and reached such incompatible extremes, that no-one is going to squeeze it back together. There will be, however, **Wishbone Ash** and **Wishbone Ash** have already been deluged with their share of verbal adulation from pop culturists. After listening to their latest LP, **Pilgrimage** (MCA MDKS 8004) I'll place them at the front of a new stream of pop which draws more from creating coherent music than the single catchy rif gimmickry of hit pop.

Most important is their promise of future things – and the fact their progression leaves no-one behind. The greatness of the Beatles was not that they always dictated the new trends in the mainstream of popular music but that they did it without going to extremes.

And until **Wishbone Ash** no group had successfully progressed beyond the Beatles limit – anything being said in pop had already been said by them. Now this young Decca group have started their journey from inside that basic pop spectrum with every indication of taking up the lead. The single live track on this album demonstrates for instance, the way **Wishbone Ash** hold their audience – even when the music is the audience moving, shouting and clapping and a light tapping snare drum-beat they never lose. When

they burst into frenetic life nothing falters and the audience is held by the power as they were by the drum.

They're freely inventive but never unwieldy or freaky for freakiness sake. The music flows and can be followed and their name is superbly evocative of their own musical alliteration, mixing imagery with manic expertise. It's not brilliant but the superb originality breaks through time and again like the result of a single protracted jam session and they're leading off in a new direction. I can find no category to lump them with – which is why I suspect they're forerunners to greater things. As the man said: If you can't label them, watch, listen and when the time is ripe, join them. And there is no greater acceptance in the pop world than imitation.

Meanwhile from the West country near Plymouth (a Nashville-type breeding ground for recent sounds in music) come **Stonehouse** (RCA Victor SF 8197) with some tremendously nippy guitar riffs and as near an original sound as you can get in the heavier echelons of pop.

The lyrics are strident, the backing is mellow heavy and full bodied with an unusual rounded touch to the bass and the whole album shouts to be played at full volume to a room full of people. I try and give you at least one album a month that'll get a sagging party onto its feet. This is it.

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M71

DRINKS

Charles Fforde

One of the perks of the page is that I can try new drinks. The first of these is Southern Comfort, a liqueur with a bourbon base and flavoured with oranges and peaches. It costs about five pounds a bottle and it has a most distinctive taste. The main advantage is that it seems to lack that cloying sweetness which is the hall mark of so many liqueurs. This means that the drink is by no means confined to the black coffee after-dinner stage. It drinks happily neat at almost any time of the day. It is extremely strong, 87.7 proof, so that makes it about the kickiest potion on the market.

Another of the interesting new products to hit town recently is the inelegantly named White Duck. This sounds as if it could be anything but in fact is a crystal clear whisky. In other words a whisky that looks like vodka. Now that, you might think, has several commercial advantages – such as mixing with the limes and oranges of this world as vodka does. This interesting brew comes from the Moffat Distilleries of Airdrie. Its taste is clean pungent and mildly

aromatic. A lot of market research has obviously gone into the product and the aim is to get whisky drinking away from the older age groups into the younger areas.

It's pleasantly potent and perhaps aphrodisiac. After three glasses I suggested the pretty receptionist pose for Mayfair. In the vast arena of table wines it is less easy to break new ground, all the great wine growing areas having been tied up. I was however most fascinated to try a bottle from the wine shippers Lebeque. They have just introduced an unusual range of French country wines. They sell for about 70 to 80p a bottle. I tried their wine from Carcassonne and found it an agreeable surprise. It was accurately described as a soft full-bodied red wine. The interesting thing to me about this is that we may be about to see a great myth exploded: that local wines don't travel. Earlier this year I was on holiday in the Carcassonne area and tried quite a few of the wines. Some of them are excellent. It was quite obvious to me that this wine had 'travelled' well and in spite of the fact that when drinking the Lebeque I no longer had the ambience of sun and warmth it maintained its pleasing qualities. Certainly worth the experimental bottle and perhaps your more serious allegiance. Depending, perhaps, on how diabolical your local off licence's Beaujolais becomes.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

If you wish to appreciate sauces, go to Minorca. This is not the name of a restaurant in the Kings Road, although we will talk about two of these later in this article.

Minorca lays its claim to fame as one of the Balearic Isles because it is the most knowledgeable place in the world when it comes to mayonnaise sauces, and this month Mayfair was flatteringly asked to take a team of judges to their 'Gastronomic Festival', to decide which Menorquin made the finest example of the mayonnaise, or Mahonese as they rather biasedly call it, since the capital city is named Mahon.

It was the 17th century which saw the beginning of the ritual of the sauce on Minorca, and the English and the French who occupied the island alternately vied for the privilege of having discovered the source of the sauce.

Nevertheless, having watched four hundred embryo Continental chefs taking twenty minutes each to make mahonese sauce, we can assure you that Minorca in general and Mahon in particular is entitled to be meticulously proud about its mahonese, and they use no fancy metal springs to whip it up, just the traditional pestle and mortar, salad oil, an egg, salt, pepper and some lemons. In England and Europe, you will find chefs using mustard, pimento, and even tomato, and sometimes a dash of vinegar, but this is frowned upon in pure Minorca, where a sauce is only as good as the wrist that whips it. Anyway, the Minorcan legend has spread down the Kings Road – as far as Sydney Street, at least, where Angela Tolaini produces superb mahonese amongst the sauces which grace the dishes of the romantic **Da Angela Restaurant**.

Da Angela is great for sauces, and also great for the trendy Romeo and Juliet who wish to sit amongst candlelight and good food, or wander down to the minute discotheque bar below and find romance by gazing out into the floodlit

patio while they select their courses from the menu.

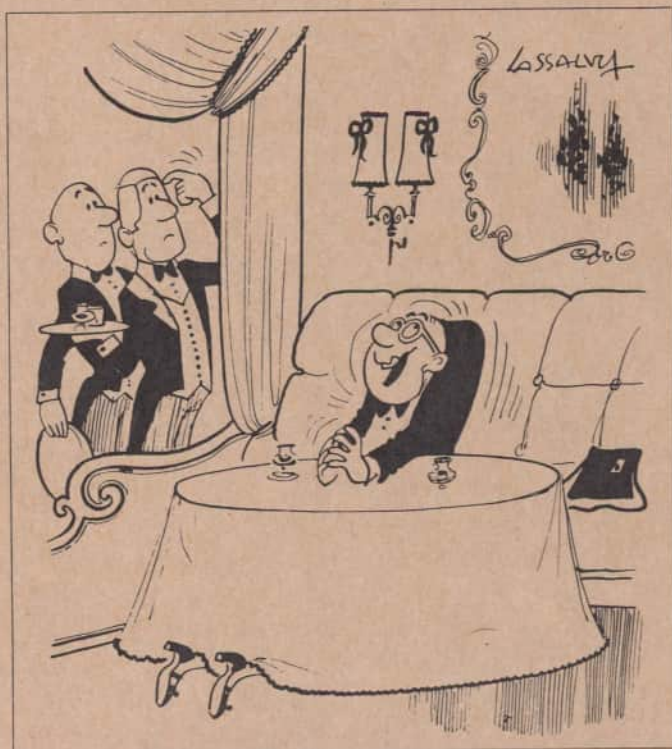
You cannot be hurt by the prices at Da Angela, where the main courses are all priced at under £1 except for Fruits-de-Mer (one of their most asked-for dishes) at £1.30, and the speciality of the house, Abbacchio, which is a delicious plate of roast lamb, costs only 85p. Her sauce expertise is also shown in Dover Sole Cecilia, a blend of Mornay sauce and asparagus, which is priced at 93p.

Angela has bought her wines wisely, and sells a 1958 Barolo at £2.20. There are many wines such as Valpolicella and Chateau Savoie at £1.50 a bottle, and of course the house wine at £1 a carafe.

Although Angela's restaurant is a small intimate place in a minute Chelsea house, it has a bustle about it which makes it interesting for late-night dining, and the chef will serve your table until 2 o'clock in the morning, a facility which is becoming increasingly hard to find.

Another Chelsea spot which possesses a chef who knows his sauces is **Bacchanalia** at 5 Langton Street, World's End, SW10. New and relatively untried at present, Bacchanalia is pleasantly hidden up a small side-street, although when you find it the building has a well-lit facade of Grecian columns. Inside the decoration is an intriguing blend of brick walls and Gothic stalls, candles and mirrors, and there is a restaurant room down into which you can gaze through a hole in the floor from the bar room above.

The character of a chef is called Giavanni. In spite of his obvious Italian parentage, Giavanni produces a goodly selection of French dishes, such as Pilaff-de-Fruits-de-Mer-au-Poivre and Coq-au-Vin-du-Chef at an average price of 95p per main course. The vegetables were a little expensive at 30p per portion on average, but sweets were inexpensive at 20p for an Orange-Sicilienne or a Sorbet, or Creme-Caramel.





ONCE UPON A VIRGIN

Will she, won't she? Can you, can't you? It's
all of desperate importance when
you're eighteen and you've never had it away
Nostalgia by Neville Player

In the basement-level coffee bar Graum is having trouble with his eyes – he can't believe them.

'Grief,' he groints – there's no other word to describe it – 'I thought this was the place to find them. Where are they?' There are so many fleshy white thighs and straining bosoms in the world – you know, you read about them straining, fleshing and flashing in most books from the nursery onwards – that it doesn't seem possible that there's nothing spare here.

There are dark satin drapes between plastic half-pillars hiding the brick walls and the lighting is medium-dim. My coffee is sunbathing in its glass cuplet. I take a spoon to it and stir it into uneasy motion. It slugs around leaving specks of sediment adhering to the glass walls. It is not the most attractive coffee I have ever drunk and the omens for tonight, being the night of the threshing thighs, do not seem good. In short, tonight looks like being another non-starter in the loss of virginity stakes.

Graum leans back on two legs of his chair, stretching long, tailored legs under the table, to review the scene; twenty people behind him, including a waitress with long, strong thighs and the Assistnt. Mgr., topple over like a row of dominoes. Gushers of coffee reach the ceiling, knickers are shown and pale cheeks imprinted with red seat marks feature on a fair scale. Graum, with his back to it, misses the action.

I thank him.

'Your best party trick to date,' I twerp.

He grunts and looks inconspicuous. The Assistnt. Mgr. is up and about again. This place is full. We were lucky to get coffee and we're going to be lucky not to be de-turfed. Graum is back on four legs again. He sips his coffee.

The Assistnt. Mgr. is moving about looking for he who pushed him over, but the place is packed tight and he'll be a while getting this far.

'No sugar?' I ask.

'No sugar. I don't think I can go through this coffee without sugar,' burbles Graum.

'It eludes me,' I cough.

'What?'

'All the beautiful tit, the heaving flesh. All the strapping thighs and flickering tongues, all the desperate women stretching their wet bodies. I never meet them.'

'You mean you don't grasp it?'

'I'd like to grasp it alright but it isn't being offered.'

'Hum,' he hums.

'I lie awake at night listening to the imaginary phatoom of suspender belts, thighs grinding in the dark, breasts bubbling under my hands, naked heaving women groaning from my wardrobe awaiting their turn among the springs. I imagine a lovely young nympho with black hair astride my young body. I am erotically undernourished, pieciless,

priceless, womanless. I have had it not Graum, old mate.'

Graum is visibly shaken and taken aback about ten feet.

'But,' he mutes, 'those stories of yours . . .'

'Lies, lies.'

'But I thought you were getting more than me.' He's half paralysed.

'Ah, that was all stuff up the chuff,' I explain gaily.

He is as ashen as anyone can be under this pink light.

'What about your stories?' I remind him. 'I was only basing mine on yours. 'Course I changed the names.' This is the night of the long confessions.

'Yes, but . . .'

'You don't mean you're in the same punt, as it were?'

'Well I've read plenty of books about it and as far as I can see, I'm probably technically perfect but I need the practical, er . . .'

'It's very sad. Just think. We leave school in the summer and we're still galloping our maggots. I was relying on you. I thought you knew the ins and outs.' After thought: 'or a good hotel.'

'Well,' he poems, oblivious. 'The evening is wet and slushy outside and slippery underfoot, yea even underbum. Therefore, a great number of beautiful girls are needing a lift home tonight to keep their shoes, even their undies, dry and the evening is very beautiful, Christmas card-wise, from the inside of the car, crisp, crunchy snow and stuff and beggars and tramps lying about in the gutters, picturesque as we go by, local colour, and we have between us that which the girls of Liverpool need and desire and are looking for to comfort them tonight.'

There is a short, sharp silence. Graum, composing himself, brings out a packet of ciggies. I take one and offer my lighter. Graum leans back in his chair, eyes probing the room, taking deep relaxed drags and blowing long streamers of smoke. Something over to my right grabs his attention and he freezes, cigarette inches from his lips.

'I can see something,' he drawls. 'Over in the corner ga, two girlies on their tod.'

I crane sideways and see them. They both have their heads turned this way. 'How long have they been watching us?' I ask Graum. He takes a long draw on the cig. 'God knows. If my eyes deceive me not they have a sugar bowl. They're not bad either.'

I turn half round in my chair, stand up and knock it over with a hairy crash. Graum steadies the cups on the bitten table top.

One of the girls has black hair and the other is blonde. The one with black hair eyes me with eyes slitted as I cross the room. I barge into a few people on the way, though the place isn't so packed now. Those slitty eyes are a bit sensual and exciting. I heave over to their table and start

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babbling about sugar and sugar bowls. I honestly forget what.

The one with black hair pushes the sugar bowl towards me, her tongue flickers across her bottom lip, her eyes never leave my face as I grope for the sugar.

I touch her thigh. These tables are very low. I really didn't mean to touch her thigh. I've led a very sheltered childhood, I tell you, and my spare parts are throbbing loudly. She looks down at my trousers. She is going to burn a hole through the material with her eyeballs. She licks her lips again. Have you ever known a nice girl do that? I don't seem to be breathing properly, not getting the right amount of oxygen and stuff. Then she looks down at her own legs, says in a very soft and slow Liverpool voice, certainly I can borrow the sugar if I bring it back.

I lurch off, clutching said sugar. They start giggling together head to head. Mirth.

'How is it?' Graum is all telescopic eyeballs when I get back.

'How is what?'

'Chances.'

'Chances?' I sit down still watching the two giggling heads. I am desperate for the one with black hair. What if someone else should pick her up before I can get back with the sugar?

'Yes. Of picking them up. You know. For Chrissake speak to me.'

Graum is all chat and not much action tonight.

'For Chrissake, Graum, get some sugar in your coffee.' I spoon a heap of it onto the table crunching it merrily about with my spoon as I stare backwards. I turn back and dump a spoonful into my coffee. The coffee

risers to the rim of the cuplet, swilling dangerously. Graum is not showing much action at all so I tip a bit from the bowl into his coffee and stand up, pointing towards the girls.

I steam back over with the sugar leaving Graum to mop up the mess on the table with his sleeve. 'Thank you.' Giggles and whispering heads. 'Erm, er, would you like to go to a party? You know in the, erm, car?'

They giggle a bit more and the one with black hair stares at me in a suggestive sort of way that none of the nice girls introduced to me by my parents had ever done. I go hot and cold and sexual.

'Yes.' All seventeen years, big, round hard breasts and milk-white, stocking-topped thighs.

'No,' Graum pants with disbelief.

'Yes, Graum, baby. They say yes.' It seems that things are on.

'Great.' He rubs his hands and drinks coffee in one quick burst without thinking. He gags and splutters.

'All we need now,' he grims, 'is a party.'

'We could do with one, certainly it would help,' I admit, but I'm still bubbling.

Then, who should pitter-patter in out of the snow and down the dark stairs but A. Smersh, a friend.

'Hi, Smersh.'

'Good grief, you two. I was out searching the snowy wastes for you.'

'Whaffor, Smershes, mate?'

'A party.'

'A party for Chrissake, you want a party,' throttles Graum in anguish. 'What the hell d'you have to ask us for?'

'No,' says Smersh. 'I have a party but am short on women.'

I think Graum is going to do a vertical take-off and rush round the room, embracing all present and planting kisses on the Assistnt. Mgr. and others. He restrains himself and grabs Smersh instead.

The snow has come to rest when we surge

into Bold Street, the two girls with me and the directions to the party with Graum.

We find the car by good luck rather than good judgement and the girls go into crazy hoots of laughter and admiration at the swept back mudwings and the back end sticking up in the air. Graum opens his door with a flourish to let them into the rumble seat.

'I wouldn't say no to a tumble rumblewise,' Graum wits. Then he laughs and coughs like a madman again. The girls giggle into the back and Graum pats the blonde on the bottom. Squeals. I could see him summoning up courage to do it, his hand flapping about in the air decisionless before it came down on the blonde.

I pull on my driving gloves, nonchalantly swing the driving door handle and wrench it neatly off.

When I get in, Graum is kneeling over the back of his seat peering glassily into the rumble where all the lovely limbs are. I lurch into the driving seat, throbbing with wonder and catching things on the butt of the steering wheel. Finger depresses the starting button. There's a clatter, a lurch and a roar. I stab the clutch and bruise the left shin on the dashboard.

As the car swings into Bold Street reverse-wise with dainty gearbox graunching noises there is raucous comment from the back. My driving is little short of superb, it seems, and there's warm breath on the back of my neck and a loaded voice asking for a light for her cigarette in my ear.

I fumble and grope to order, one hand on the wheel, the other on my lighter and the car out of control; but Graum is to the rescue and shovelling matches and cigarettes down the front of her dress.

Because of all this and all that, we miss the turning and do a broadside into the opposite lane of traffic, spurting up snow and throwing the girls about in the back. Graum is still kneeling on the back of his seat, muttering, 'More, more.' I drive the car back into the right lane and turn off the Drive. Graum starts to take an interest in where we are going.

'Here, here, for Chrissake,' he screams. I just manage an acute righthander and the girls are rolling again. There is music, laughter and just a little non-adhesive fear from G.

I park the car half on the pavement and half in the gutter at what some might think an odd angle and this very attractive girl opens the door in our faces.

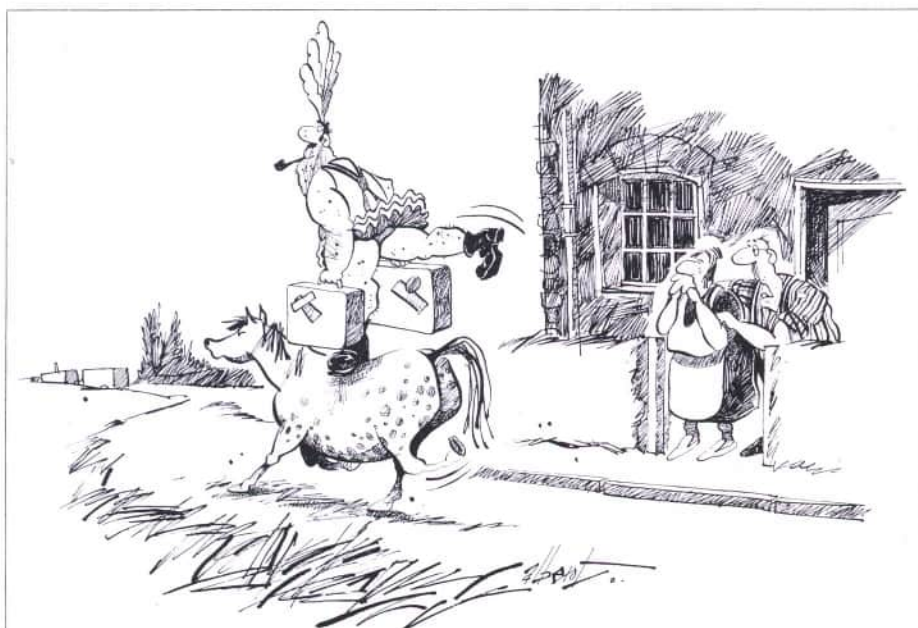
Some lurch behind her in the hallway shouts, 'Hey, Katie, baby . . .'

So Graum smoothies in, 'Hello, Katie, baby; no-time long-see. Er, we've arrived.'

'Hey,' she calls out down the crawling hallway to a mass of people at the far end. 'The band's arrived.'

There are cheers and we slide in quickly and the girls take their coats off upstairs and G. and I get chatting pleasantly with a few people just to show we have been invited. We drop the name A. Smersh a few times and several people recognise it, so we are on safe ground. A. Smersh is rounding up a few girls, we say to everyone,

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'Don't upset yourself Alice luv, young lads often run away with the circus'

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and this makes them all exceeding happy. She looks like an elf, I think, because of the eyes. She's come downstairs and is standing in front of me, looking at me and not exactly smiling. Graum is dancing right now with the blonde and so I lead the elfin wonder into the kitchen to attend to a little research on the drink problem.

There is no drink problem. There is a helluva lot.

'Can I have a drink?' she asks. She is right beside me in the kitchen and I am right beside her and that makes three of us, because I am beside myself. There are a few other burps hanging around but no-one of any interest. I am very aware of this girl's body. It is nudging me.

'What sort of drink?' I croak.

'What a deep voice you have,' she murmurs in her Liverpool accent.

I find a bottle which has 'wine' written on the label and pour out two paper cuplets with a shaky hand. I offer her one and the elf-eyes below my shoulder look up at me from lowered lids. A small band of school-friends burst through the front door and recognise me in the kitchen. Start hitting me on the back. 'Got a job lined up yet?' 'How's-things?-happynewyear' 'How's the estate coming on?'

The girl looks at me. 'Do you have an estate?'

'My parents do.'

'Are they very rich?'

'Well, fairly.'

I put my arm behind her and lean against

the wall. She starts climbing up me. She has me trapped against the wall and her hips are grinding into me. She has a deep wide mouth and a kissing action like a vacuum cleaner.

She is feverishly pressing me into the kitchen wall when the serge arrive at the door, snow on their uniforms and festive fairy lights on their helmets, or so it seemed. They are complaining about the car on the pavement.

I am coming up for air at the time and the girl is laughing and knocking back her drink. Mine has dribbled on the floor and the girl is standing away, so I go to the door to the constables.

I get the machine parked to their satisfaction, when the girl comes out of the house with something in her hands. She leans through the open window, waving two glasses of wine and demanding to be let in out of the cold. She is wearing a short, pale blue dress cut low at the front and she has beautiful breasts, which I noticed when she took her coat off but in the heat of the excitement, forgot to mention.

I let her in and she gives me a glass of wine. The long gear lever and the jagged remains of the handbrake are between us. I gulp the wine down and sling the glass into the glove compartment. I kiss her. This is really it. As in books. These are my oat stakes. Here they come on a plate. She has to go like a rabbit. It is when I reach out a tentative hand for one of those half-exposed, round-apple breasts that she hits me in the eye.

So here I am, back at square one, and she is telling me that I'm just like everyone else and she doesn't mean a thing to me, does she? 'My love, you do, you do, you mean so much to me, you better believe it baby.' She goes on about a lot of other things I

don't wish to remember, and that she has-to-be-home-by-midnight or her father will kill me and all her sixteen-stone brothers, too.

I apologise to the elf and kiss her gently on the cheek and say I'm sorry I presumed to grope her apples, and she means so much to me that I won't spoil our relationship. I lead her back to the party where there is no trace of Graum. My heart is heavy. I am alone and being c-teased and right back at sq. one.

The elf and I are drinking silently when there are screams from the broom cupboard under the stairs. The door bursts open and the young blonde lady makes a rapid exit clutching her dress about her and rushes into the arms of young elf, sheepishly followed by G., still balancing a drink en mit.

'I don't wish to waste it,' he says to no-one in particular.

'The new year draws on,' I comment, noticing cobwebs in Graum's hair.

'So, still, has the blonde,' he grins. An old joke.

From a corner by the stairs the young ladies whisper and throw glances at us. The blonde is examining various bruises where mops and brooms have gouged; Graum too.

'The fabulous duo miss again by a mile,' he says.

'It's not the first time.'

He hauls out cigarettes and offers me one. I need it.

'Well (puff cough puff) we'll find someone else (puff).'

'At this time of (puff, whump) night?'

'Mine has to be back home by (puff). Back home.'

'So does (whump).'

Midnight and there has been certain super-charging of the drinks by Graum.

'Dad,' he tights, owl-like. 'I'm not saying this drink I have here will out-accelerate anything produced so far by myself this fine evening, but it's certainly been breathed on a shade.' He then hands the drink to the blonde who sniffs it and passes out.

'Bloody fine drink, that,' bleats G.

At the first gong of the New Year I am holding the elf, whose name is Prunella. I am holding her interior-sprung body to me, dancing, and her hard breasts are tight against my chest but we are still vertical, which G. says in an undertone, is not where the action is at.

When the blonde wakes up, we leave.

Brahm, brahm, bang in the clutch; feel the old familiar drunken lurch; the skate of the rear wheels.

Graum burbles in jovial mood from the back with the blonde. The elf next to me, turns and smiles pityingly at the blonde who is in various clutches. And all's well in the back as I steer left into the Queen's Drive. Prunella has her hand in my trousers before I realise that I'm not really sober and I don't believe it. The young blonde leans over my shoulder and says, 'Hey, she's got her hand in your trousers.' So I guess it must be true. 'Shaddup,' says

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'You're definitely under the weather, your Majesty.
The thermometer is down to nearly four carat'

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Prunella to the blonde and kisses me on the ear.

It's incredible and I cannot believe it. All four wheels are on the road and I am not hanging about wondering why she's got her hand in my trousers; I am wondering where we can go so that I can get my trousers off. I am earnestly asking Graum to find us somewhere for the night. Graum knows a hotel. We graunch into the city and come out along Hardiman Street.

'There's the hotel,' says Graum.

I stop the car and we get out. There are signs lit up and Graum is lit up, even the concierge is lit up. I light up a fag and the concierge won't open the hotel door to us. He weaves about all lit up in the reception lounge mouthing refusals at us through the glass. We try a few hotels and give up.

'I know a place,' yodels Graum.

'Where?'

'Just around the back of the university there; friend of mine has a flat – bound to be room there.'

It's a long ugly row of unpainted houses. Graum leads up the stairs, pressing time switches and gallops ahead into the dark. Elf is hanging nervously onto me, looking at the great coloured patterns these artist people have put on the walls.

We get room from the artist friends and Graum sprouts little snippets of friendly advice which I gave him a few minutes before. Prunella's in the bathroom with the blonde. Graum has the bigger room – murals on the walls and oil paint on the

floor which means careful treading – but the bed is bigger than mine in the other room. The beds are a bit grubby, but horizontal enough.

Prunella comes out of the bathroom and pushes me into the small bedroom.

'What about my teeth?' I croak.

'What about your teeth, honey?'

'Well, I was going to clean them.'

'Stuff your teeth. We have other things to do.'

'Yes.'

'Well, come on then. Undress me.'

I undress her and she undresses me. I refuse to take my shirt off because I have puny arms.

'Get that bloody shirt off,' she says, standing legs apart in front of me.

'Er.'

'Look I'm not wearing anything and if I'm not wearing anything you're certainly not. Now come on. I'm cold and I want you.' So, she gets me.

It isn't quite what I expected. I shiver and shake and I'm clumsy and fumble it. I expected to be good. I thought my body would drift naturally in harmonious relation with hers, I thought all my parts would do the right things at the right time without being told. I have obviously not been put together right. I am a failure. My arms and legs don't co-ordinate and I have no natural rhythm. No natural, born-lover, me. I foul it all up the first time and the second time. I try again.

'You get full marks for attempts,' smirks Prunella.

I am not carried gently away on a cloud of swansdown. Prunella does not whisper words of endearment nor does she coax my body into flame. She does not grunt and groan or twitch and strain with lust and

loye. Her breasts do not heave and her eyes do not glitter. She twitches and strains alright, but through frustration. Her body does not gyrate with mine, mainly because I can't keep up with it.

'For Chrissake, man,' she whispers, 'don't say you've come already, you silly bastard. Oh, God, come on, try again.'

This puts things on a more earthy plain.

She finally rolls me over on my back through my sheer inability to hump and grind and takes me from above.

I see her body above me, faintly glowing in the moonlight that fuzzes through the thin curtains – or is it the streetlights?

'Don't panic,' she mutters. Hard and supple, arched over me, seeking satisfaction on my raw, tattered parts.

When she reaches climax, she digs her fingers hard into my shoulders in spasms. I, unromantic fool, scream with pain and throw her off. We both fall on the floor. Splinters in bum and gum.

And so it was all over. Very early in someone else's bed in another town, in the crisp, bright, foggy, horrible, scratchy morning of New Year's Day in the snow. I found myself with a hard-breasted, milk-skinned and broad-thighed nymph from Liverpool.

Where did I lose that elusive virginity? I just let it slip away in a gradual escalation of sexual adventures and before I knew it I was there on the threshold and it wasn't much fun – just a hair-raising and mortally tiring business with all sorts of slips and rips and positions and near ruptures, mistakes and heavy breathing and violent bruises, collapsing camp beds and sorrow and when I look back I wonder how the hell I got there in the end and how the girl put up with me long enough to let me do it. There is no ecstasy, no onrush of manhood, just a grey, intangible, formless sadness that clouds my mind in the morning. The girl, her naked perfect 'body, is beside me, sluggish and drowsy in the Liverpool backstreet morning.

Graum is a nomad wandering in blankets and draped like a wigwam, scratching and fuzzy and lead-headed.

'Jesus bloody wept.' A burst of feet across the wooden board floors and anguish. He lurches through the doorway, clutching his Christmas-new sheepskin coat, streaked with red and blue oilpaints.

'Look. What the hell am I going to do?' The girl in my bed wakes as I struggles up, not hiding her breasts and letting them gooseflesh in the unheated cold.

'What is this madman?' she groans.

Graum is distraught with the painted coat he had thrown on the floor while scrabbling for blonde and bed during the night. The paint, he flabs, is still on the floor where some great artist has left it in blobs.

I dress and go down to the car for my new electric razor, and it's been taken from the glove compartment, put in someone else's pocket. This evens things up. But not quite...

The lovely blonde, it transpired, unknown to Graum, had crabs.

And so, therefore, two days later, had Graum.

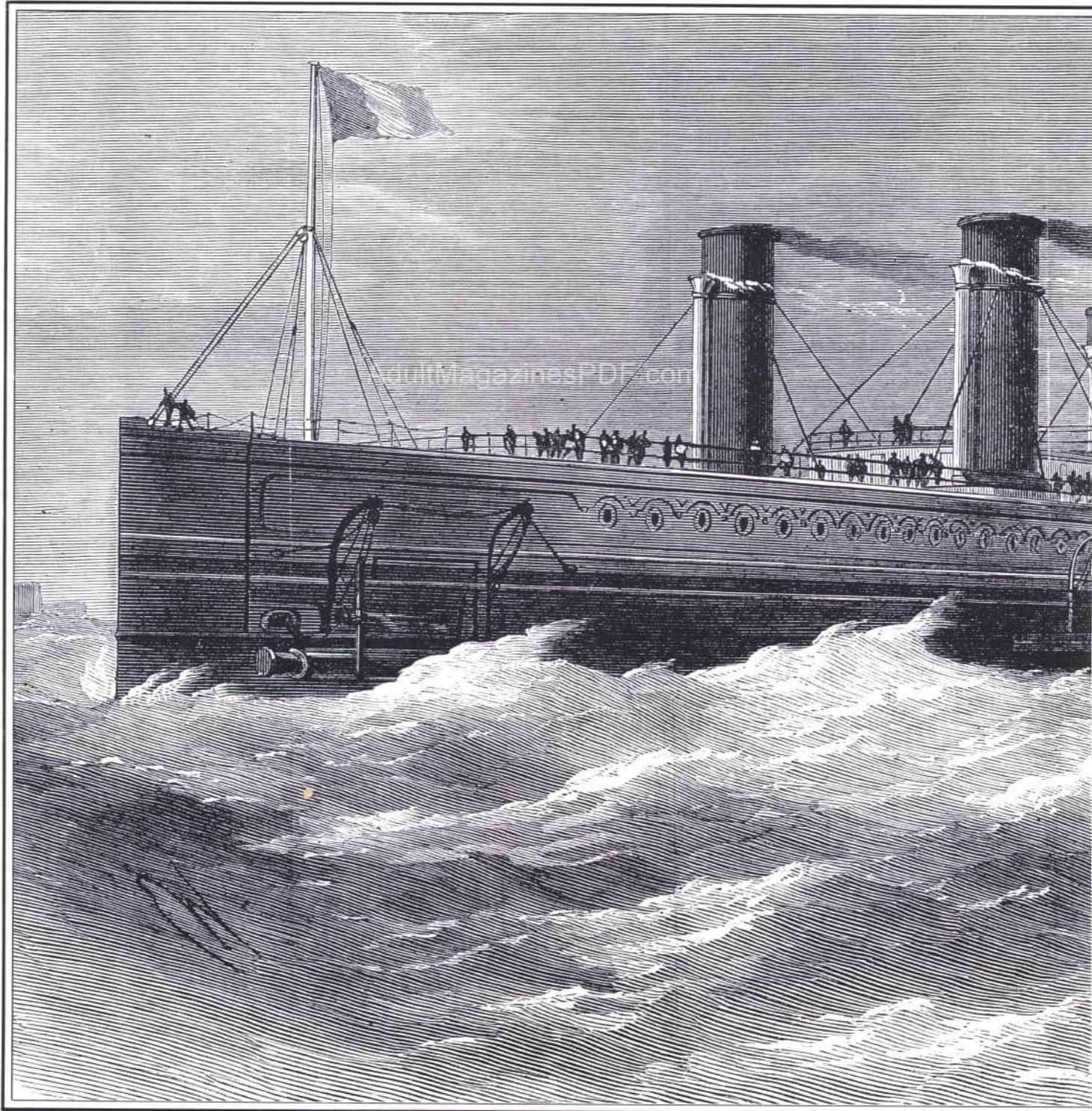


'Phew. Thank heavens it's moles tomorrow'

PADDLERS OF THE DEEP

Today steam ships with paddles have drifted into the past. But once there was a time when they churned ocean and river alike in amiable grandeur — that was why they built the pier at Brighton / Bernard Dumbleton chronicles the thrashing days of paddle power

When paddlers ruled the waves: an 1870 design for a monstrous four-funnelled Channel ferry. A modified version went into service in 1878



Today there are only ten paddle-steamers left in Britain; and the future of at least four of them is uncertain.

Butterfly boats, as the deep sea sailors called them, hold a unique place in the history of marine engineering. For over 150 years they were the most popular form of transport on the rivers, lakes and coastal waters of Britain. They were as much a part of the holiday scene as seaside rock and Punch and Judy. During the summer months their broad decks carried thousands of holiday-makers on pleasure trips and excursions.

Below decks the engine room was a mecca for schoolboys and fathers alike—crankshafts and pistons rising and falling with rhythmic smoothness, gleaming copper

pipes, brass levers and gauges; the pungent smell of hot steam. It was a place to stand and gaze in awe while the massive paddle-wheels drove the ship at a quiet, leisurely pace.

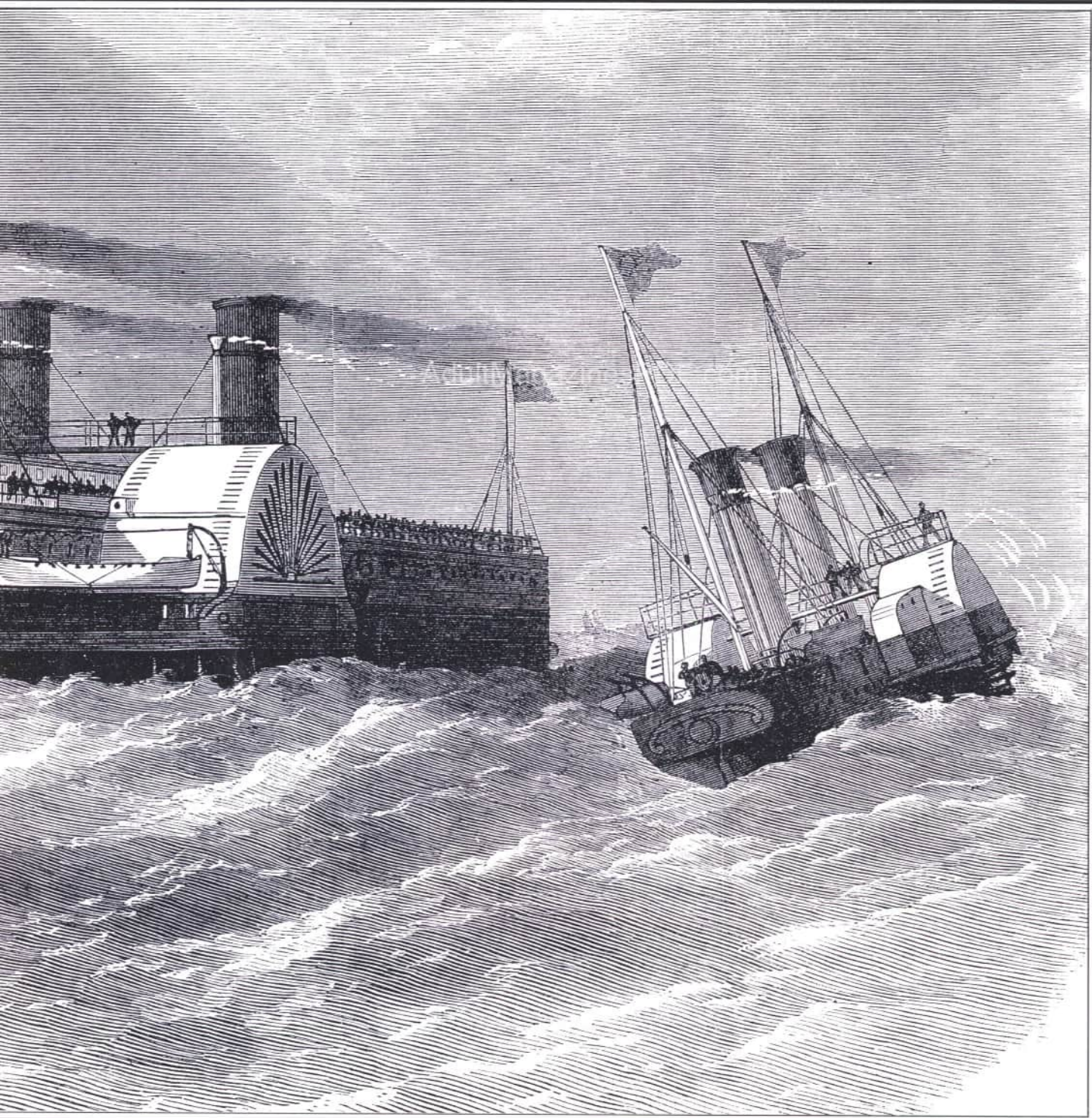
They were graceful, elegant ships. In the modern diesel-powered world, however, grace and elegance were not enough. They were too slow, too costly to maintain and in the 1950s they went one by one to the breakers yard; suddenly there were only a few left.

Experiments with marine steam engines began in the late eighteenth century, but it was not until 1801 that the first steamboat was successfully launched.

Intended for use as a tugboat on the Forth and Clyde Canal, the Charlotte Dundas had

an engine designed by William Symington, a pioneer of marine steam power. The ten horsepower engine had a single, horizontal, double-acting cylinder 22 inches in diameter and a stroke of four feet. The vessel proved its worth by pulling two 70-ton barges over a distance of nineteen miles in six hours. The canal owners feared, however, that the wash from the paddle would damage the canal banks and the vessel never actually went into service.

Because of this lack of foresight, the honour of being the first commercially successful steamboat went to the PS Clermont, designed by the American Robert Fulton in 1807. Fulton's boat incorporated an engine of similar dimensions to that of the Charlotte Dundas and had two side



paddles fifteen feet in diameter. The ship had a top speed of 4.7 miles an hour and worked as a packet between New York and Albany, securing for Fulton a monopoly position on the Hudson River.

In Europe the development of steamboats was concentrated on the Clyde and in 1812 the PS Comet was launched. Although smaller than the American boat, the Comet's four-horsepower engine gave her a speed of 6.7 mph. This engine, built by John Robinson, is still preserved in London's Science Museum. For four years the Comet was employed on the Clyde, then on the Forth and was later used to provide transport from the Highlands to Glasgow. She was wrecked on Craignish Point in 1820.

Hitherto, paddle-steamers had been confined to rivers, lakes and coastal waters. On the world's oceans this was still the era of the fast windjammers and clippers: the Cutty Sark had yet to be built.

But the advantages of travelling in a straight line independent of the elements could not be denied. An American schooner, the Savannah, was fitted with an auxiliary engine and paddle-wheels that could be retracted when not in use. Although she crossed the Atlantic in 1819, the Savannah's engine was only used for eighty hours of the journey and the distinction of being the first steamship to cross the ocean went to the British-built Dutch steamer, the Curacao. Gradually the reticence of the sailing ship owners was being overcome, and by the middle of the century a number of ocean-going paddle-steamers were making regular crossings.

After the success of the Comet, several paddle-steamers were built for use on the Clyde and it was not long before the advantages of shallow draught and good manoeuvrability were recognised by owners of river craft in other parts of Britain.

The first steamboat to operate on the Thames was the PS Richmond. A tiny vessel of fifty tons burden, she was fitted with a ten hp bell crank-lever engine. In 1814 she was put to work on the London-Richmond service, but the public regarded this new form of transport with suspicion. When the Richmond burst a steam pipe the effect on trade was disastrous. Watermen, who saw the advent of the steamer as a threat to their business, were quick to point out the dangers of this new-fangled device and the Richmond was withdrawn. Later that year Anthony Cortis & Co of London acquired the PS Margery which had operated for a short time on the Clyde. The Margery made the journey from the Firth of Forth to the Thames under sail, her tall funnel being used as a mast for the occasion. For a year the Margery served on the Thames between London and Gravesend, leaving Wapping Old Stairs one day and returning the next. In 1816 she was renamed Elise and went to France to operate on the Seine. The voyage from Newhaven to Havre took seventeen hours and was the first channel crossing by a steamship.

The success of the Margery encouraged others to bring steamboats into service.

In the years that followed the trade developed rapidly. At the beginning there was strong opposition from the watermen, who saw their traditional rights endangered, and many attempts were made to impede the progress of the steamers. But it was an uneven struggle. By 1846 fifteen steamship companies were operating on the river, including the Waterman's Steam Packet Company, the Waterman's Guild having decided in 1840 that 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em'.

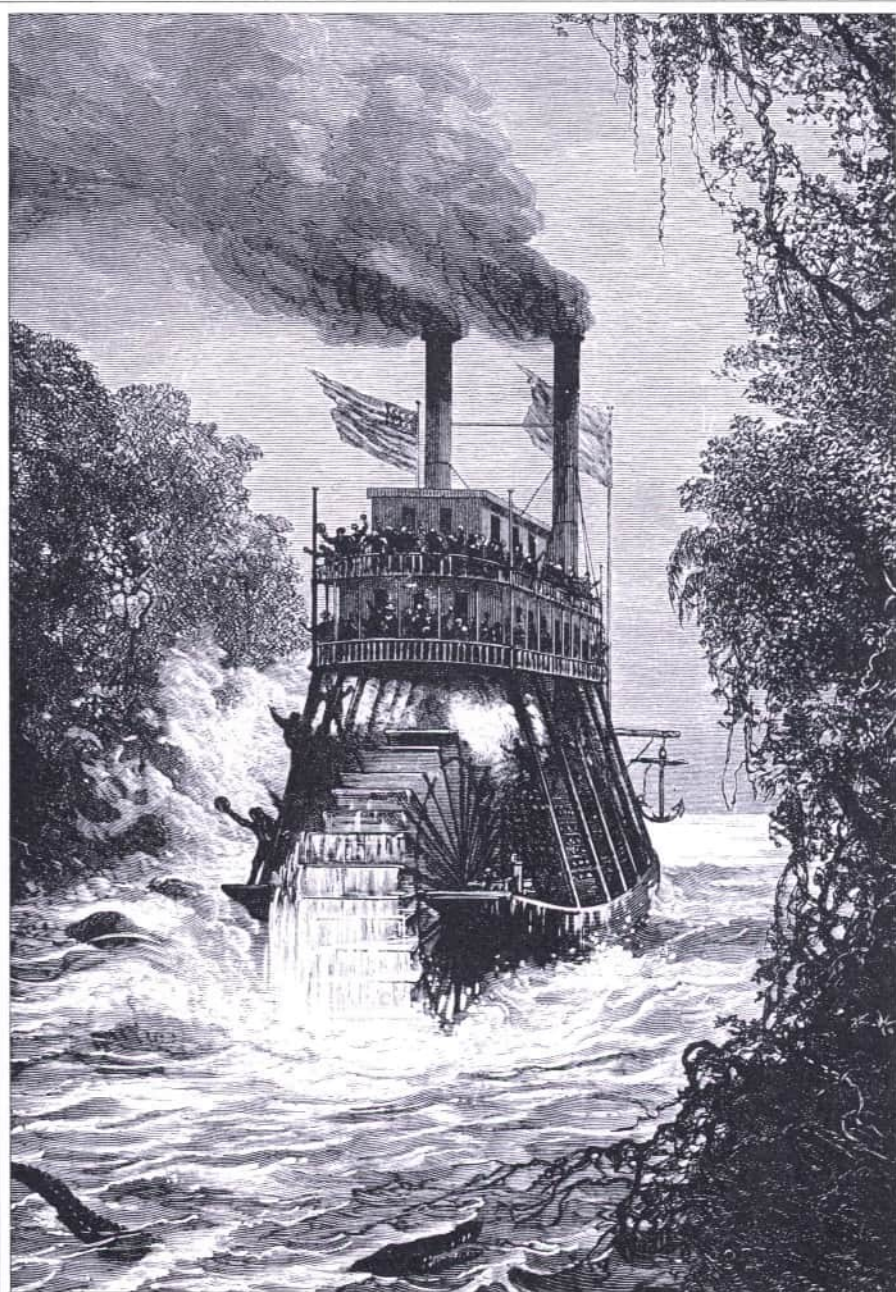
Competition at this time was dangerously fierce. Steamboats were deliberately timed to start together and racing was indulged in with complete disregard for the safety of the vessels, passengers or other river craft. There were no rules of navigation, no rights of way, collisions were frequent and several companies, including the Waterman's, found the pace too hot and retired from the contest.

The company that emerged as the largest

operator on the Thames was the London Steamboat Company. Founded in 1876, the company took over boats from the Woolwich, Citizen's, and Waterman's Companies to make up a seventy-vessel fleet. Two years after its inception, the company suffered a staggering blow from which it never recovered.

The pride of the fleet was the Princess Alice, a ship previously owned by both the Woolwich and Waterman's Companies. A splendid vessel, 219 feet long with deck saloons and accommodation for 936 passengers, she was the Titanic of the Thames; her fate was no less tragic. On September 3, 1878 the Princess Alice was returning from a day-trip to Gravesend when she was struck amidships by a collier. The paddle-steamer broke in two and sank within minutes. Nearly seven hundred people were drowned. The disaster is the worst ever recorded in British inland waters.

The official inquiry found that life-saving



Paddle steamers reached their apogee with the great rear-paddled Mississippi river boats

equipment had been inadequate and stated at last that there was a need for proper navigational rules. The legislation that followed put an end to the free-for-all methods of navigation; the days of reckless competition were over.

The tragedy had a profound effect not only on the London Steamboat Company but also on riverboat trade as a whole; for several years the development of the Thames passenger trade was held in check. One company strong enough to survive, however, was the General Steam Navigation Company, founded in 1824. Though the company later limited its activities to home trade, its early vessels were sea-going. The GSN Co can therefore claim to be the oldest sea-going steamship company in the world.

Brunel's screw-driven Great Britain set a new pattern of design for ocean liners, however, and by the end of the century the big paddlers had disappeared from the trade routes.

By then, the GSN had a virtual monopoly of pleasure boat traffic between London and the Kentish coast resorts. To maintain this position the company placed an order with Gourlay Brothers of Dundee for the third vessel to bear the name *Eagle*. She went into service in 1898 as the largest and fastest member of the fleet.

In 1909 she was joined by the *Golden Eagle*. Fitted with triple-expansion engines developing 455 hp, she was a big advance on her predecessors.

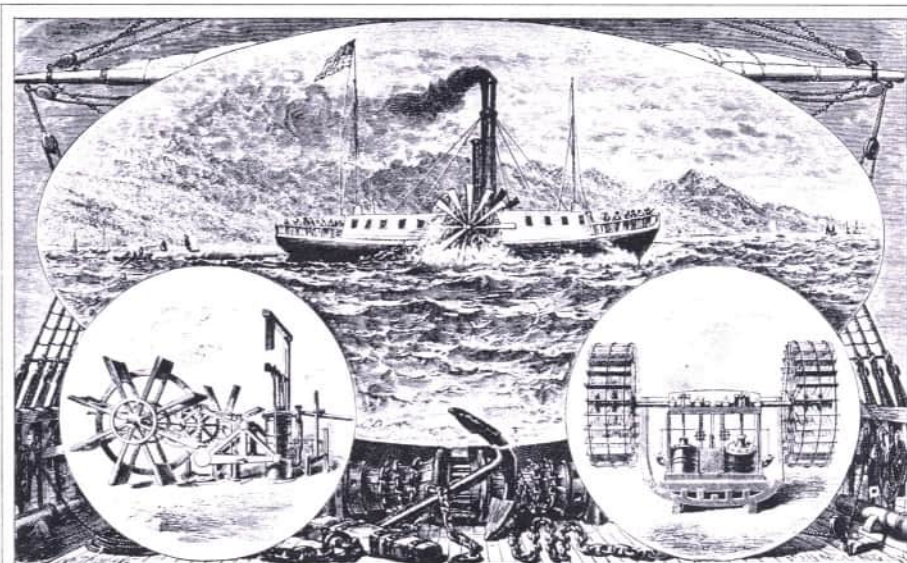
Though the GSN could claim the bulk of the passenger-carrying trade, it was not without rivals. In sheer elegance, speed and size, three ships dominated the Thames for over twenty years. They were the *Koh-i-Noor*, the *Royal Sovereign* and the *La Marguerite*. Each built for the Victoria Steamboat Association, they were later owned by the Palace Steamer Company.

The *Koh-i-Noor* represented a tremendous step forward in paddle-steamer design. Built entirely of steel, her hull was the most beautiful of its type ever designed. The knife-like bows, 3,500 hp engines and huge paddles gave her a maximum speed of over twenty knots. Passenger facilities included large saloons, book and fruit stalls, a post office, hairdressing establishment and two bathrooms.

Such luxury ensured immediate success when she went into service in 1892 and a year later her sister ship *Royal Sovereign* was launched. The two ships were almost identical in appearance, save that the *Royal Sovereign's* forward funnel was positioned further forward of the paddles.

The last of the famous trio was launched in 1894 and was designed for the London-Boulogne route. But the *La Marguerite* was so large – 350 feet long with a gross tonnage of 1,544 tons and 7,500 hp engines – that she was unable to meet Thames Conservancy regulations and had to depart from Tilbury.

Though a trip down the river, sometimes onto the open sea, was considered to be quite an adventure by Londoners and Clydesiders paddle-steamers were not confined to river work. In 1823 they began to make



The first-ever commercial paddle ship: Fulton's Clermont, with close-ups of its engine

their debut on the Sussex, Hampshire and Dorset coast. Major resorts had piers constructed to accommodate them and the throb of paddle-wheels soon became a familiar sound to holiday-makers.

With more room to manoeuvre, there was less danger of collision but coastal steamers still faced other hazards. Sea mists often called for very careful navigation along the rocky coastline and during one foggy period in 1826 the *PS Bournemouth* ran onto the rocks at Portland Bill. The ship was a total loss but her passengers and crew were all rescued. Three days later the *PS Queen* struck rocks in the same area but, amazingly, escaped undamaged.

Another ship, the *Heather Bell*, had a narrow escape as she rounded the western headland of the Isle of Wight. A gentleman fishing from a small boat off the Needles saw the steamer loom out of the fog only yards away. Only his frantic shouts saved the ship from piling headlong into the famous landmark.

Cross channel excursions were popular. In 1900 a day trip to Cherbourg could be had for a return fare of six shillings and two ships employed on the route regularly raced against each other. The *Balmoral*, owned by the Southampton Co, was in fact designed and built to compete with the Campbell Company's *Cambria*.

Claimed to be the fastest paddle-steamer in British waters, the *Cambria* had a top speed of over twenty knots. Both ships were very evenly matched. Their two-cylinder diagonal compound engines were long-stroke and when the ships were racing flat out the thrust of the big cylinders caused them to sway alarmingly. On a summer's evening crowds would gather on Bournemouth pier to see the two steamers arrive, often neck and neck and seldom more than a ship's length apart. On July 20, 1908 the *Balmoral* travelled from Cherbourg to Bournemouth, a distance of sixty-five nautical miles, in three hours thirty-seven minutes – an average speed of eighteen knots.

The decade that spanned the turn of the

century marked the peak period of paddle-steamer design; many provided the luxury and reliability of small liners.

The term 'butterfly boats' had been applied to paddle-steamers because of their alleged frailty; but the outbreak of the First World War was to prove their worth in a new guise. The Admiralty took over all serviceable paddle-steamers and they were used in a variety of roles. Their shallow draught made them ideal for minesweeping and later the Admiralty ordered a new class of paddle minesweepers. The larger ships were used for troop carrying. The *Golden Eagle*, for example, carried 518,101 men to France and also served in the Second World War. Many little ships that had plied back and forth between resorts found themselves in strange waters; several served in the Mediterranean and one, the *Duke of Devonshire*, 257 tons, went to Mesopotamia and back.

After the war the excursion business went into a decline. Many of the steamers had been destroyed by enemy action and those that survived needed considerable refurbishing to convert them back to their pre-war condition. Only the larger companies could afford the expense or to buy new ships.

The policy of such companies as the GSN was to run a small fleet of luxurious vessels, and they had the monopoly of Thames excursions for several years. As trade recovered from the post-war recession new vessels came into service. The GSN added the *Crested Eagle* to their fleet in 1925. In keeping with the company's policy of technical advancement, the *Crested Eagle* was the first oil-burning paddle-steamer on the Thames. She was nearly three hundred feet long, had a gross tonnage of 1,100 tons and her engines produced 538 hp. The *Royal Eagle*, launched seven years later, could carry 2,000 passengers, had four decks and included a dining saloon that seated over three hundred.

But the hey-day of the excursion steamer was

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PADDLERS OF THE DEEP

continued from page 31

past. The increase in private cars and cheap motor coach tours seriously hit the pleasure steamer trade and by the outbreak of the Second World War the paddle-steamers were a less frequent sight. In many parts of the country they had disappeared altogether.

In 1939, for the second time in twenty-five years, the paddle-steamers shed their distinctive colours for drab Admiralty grey. Apart from minesweeping duties, in which they had earlier excelled, the larger vessels were equipped to deal with a new menace – attack from the air. The Royal Eagle became HM anti-aircraft vessel Royal Eagle and had a most distinguished career. By 1943, she had seen action 52 times and shot down two aircraft.

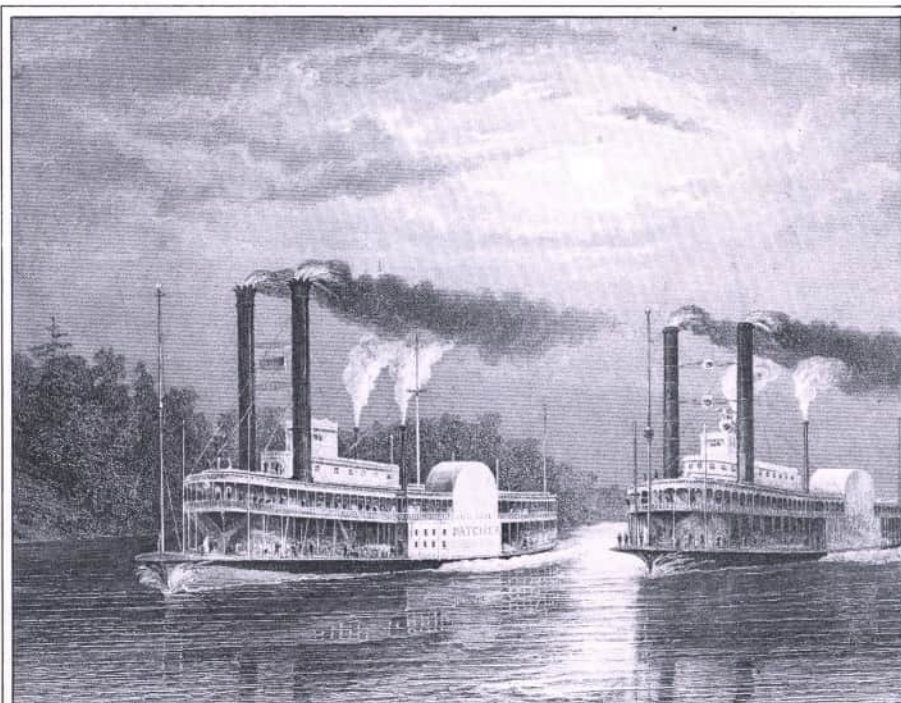
In 1940, of course, the paddle-steamers saw their finest hour. The story of the Dunkirk evacuation has been told many times, but the vital part played by the old paddlers has seldom received the recognition it deserves.

To the men of the British Expeditionary Force they must have been a welcome sight. How many memories of a trip to Southend or a cruise along the south coast were evoked as they saw those familiar names: Brighton Belle, Medway Queen, Crested Eagle, Princess Elizabeth? Slow and lightly armed, they were at the mercy of the German dive-bombers and yet they returned time and time again. The Royal Eagle made three trips, was dive-bombed 43 times and rescued 3,000 men. Her sister ship, Crested Eagle, was less fortunate: she received a direct hit and rapidly became a blazing furnace. Other losses included the Brighton Belle, Brighton Queen, Gracie Fields and the Devonian. The Medway Queen made seven trips and brought back 7,000 men – more than any other ship below the size of a destroyer. On one trip she rescued all the troops and crew from the Brighton Belle, which had struck a submerged wreck.

After their real moment of glory, the paddle-steamers returned to normal wartime activity which, although less dramatic, was no less hazardous. Without the armour plating and heavy armament of warships, they were always more vulnerable. In spite of their shallow draught several fell victims to mines, and they were easy prey for any German bomber that might catch them on patrol.

When the war ended the situation was much the same as it was at the conclusion of the Great War. Many of the steamers were in poor condition and went to the scrap yards. Their owners surveyed the post-war era with cautious optimism, remembering the decline of the pre-war years. A succession of wet and chilly summers did nothing to boost trade, and petrol rationing did not prevent increased competition from motor coaches and private cars.

Few paddle-steamers were built after 1945 – screw steamers had already started to



Paddleboats raced often and dangerously. Here two American steamers churn neck and neck

come into service just prior to the war and several had survived in good condition. The Southern Railway Company replaced the Southsea and Portsdown, both lost during the war, with motor vessels on the Isle of Wight service. In Scotland the paddle-steamer Waverley was launched in 1947 for use on the Clyde and in 1953 the Maid of the Loch for summer cruising on Loch Lomond.

On the Thames the Eagles continued to fly and along the south coast the old rivals tried to pick up where they had left off, but with sadly depleted fleets. But it was all in vain. By 1950 the steamship companies had to face the fact that the 'Day of the Butterflies' was over.

Between 1950 and 1960 they went to the breakers yards in droves. In 1951 Golden Eagle was sold to British Iron and Steel; Royal Eagle followed her in 1953. In 1955 the Empress, built in 1879 and owned by Cosens of Weymouth, went to the scrap yard and with her the last set of oscillating engines in the world.

When the illustrious Medway Queen was withdrawn from service in 1963 it was realised by many people that before long there would be no paddle-steamers left and that here was a ship well-worth saving.

The Paddle Steamer Preservation Society, formed in 1959, had insufficient funds to buy the ship. Several attempts were made to raise money but in 1965 she was finally sold to a firm of Belgian ship breakers. Last-minute appeals were made through the press and within a week she was repurchased by three Isle of Wight businessmen, backed by the Dunkirk Veterans Association, the PSPS and the Medway Queen Trust. She now forms part of a yacht marina in the Isle of Wight.

So a famous ship was saved and is being restored to her original condition by her new owners. But her paddles will turn no

more, her engines are stilled, her heart is dead. The tang of steam oil has been replaced by the aroma of food from an excellent restaurant. The decks still vibrate, but to the sound of hi-fi music. The photographs in the saloon are the only reminder of the time when this tiny ship snatched 7,000 men to safety.

What of the rest? The British Rail Ferry PS Ryde, joined the Medway Queen in October 1970. The PSPS now own the Kingswear Castle, a River Dart paddler, and intend to maintain her in sailing order. In St Katherine's Dock, just below Tower Bridge, lies the Princess Elizabeth. She, too, is part of a new yacht marina and will be used as a restaurant, convention hall and paddle-steamer museum.

Paddle-steamers still in service at the time of writing are the Waverley, operating in the Firth of Clyde, the last of the sea-going paddle-steamers, and the Maid of the Loch. On the Humber three vessels, Tattershall Castle, Wingfield Castle and Lincoln Castle, maintain the ferry between Hull and New Holland, but they too will be withdrawn when the new Humber Bridge is opened.

Another paddle-steamer, the Old Caledonia, was withdrawn from service in 1969 and was sold to a Scottish yard. The new owners, Arnott Young & Co, are negotiating the resale of the ship, not only in this country but in Canada and the US.

To save all, or any, of these remaining few would be a mammoth task far beyond the resources of the Paddle Steamer Preservation Society. But it is hard to believe that they will be allowed to suffer the fate of so many of their kind.

Great ships of the past are part of our national heritage. Paddle-steamers have played an important part in Britain's commercial and wartime history. Their preservation is essential if we are to maintain a living record of our maritime achievements. 

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD JACOBS

The managing director's secretary spoke in a very strained and unnatural voice whenever the sales director was around; one of the reps kept creeping off to the yarn warehouse to be followed minutes later by the senior invoice typist who always came back with fluff on the back of her skirt; just about everyone in the building had seen the big blonde typist's bum pressed against the personnel manager's door; and the virgin management trainee who had

Fumbles behind the filing cabinet. Caresses in the stock-room. More is taken down in big business than mere shorthand, finds Michael Priestley



joined the firm six months before I had was making frantic but ineffectual grabs at the junior office girl in a bid to get his share of the fun.

There was so much sexual intrigue that I was surprised any work got done. There were also memories of sexual adventures that took place long ago.

Every time a rather elderly and genteel lady from accounts came within earshot, an equally elderly but not so genteel guy from the costing department roared 'Ostend!' at the top of his voice and then made a sound rather like the death rattle which was meant to be a throaty, suggestive chuckle. I discovered later that when the firm was in its prime, between the wars, they had organised an office outing to the Belgian port. The old guy, then a young guy, had got the old bird, then a very presentable piece indeed, somewhat fresh on cheap wine and had given her a quick feel behind

a Customs shed just before they boarded the ferry for the return trip.

That was as far as it had gone. He had later married, she never had, and he thought it was because she cherished such fond memories of him from their brief moment of togetherness. So he never ceased to remind her of it. He treated it as a huge joke.

I was rather surprised that she hadn't been driven over the years to slip something a little bit deadly into his office tea, but she merely blushed and trundled about her business as fast as she could. Who knows – perhaps she was still carrying a torch for the old lecher.

And there was a guy with the most full and varied sex life in the northern hemisphere – in his imagination. He was Rufus Harrison, a time and motion expert who'd been called in several years previously to save the firm money.

He seemed to be taking so long over his task that it had been considered that it might be worthwhile bringing in another time and motion expert to study Rufus. But every time one of these crises of confidence came about he pulled some stunt out of the hat – such as taking all the light bulbs out of the lavatories and jamming the windows open so that anyone spending more time in the bog than was necessary was punished by being frozen to death in the dark.

When he wasn't wandering round pretending to look at his stop watch and take notes, Rufus was recounting his fictitious sexual adventures. The way he talked you'd think he had so many notches on his weapon that it would be so badly mutilated as to be practically useless.

Yet no-one had ever seen him alone in the company of a woman and every time one of the female staff spoke to him he blushed a darker shade of fuchsia and went mumblingly about his business.

So there was naturally considerable doubt about the authenticity of his stories, and this doubt was increased when the new canteen manageress arrived, took a shine to Rufus, and began to woo him in no uncertain manner.

The canteen arrangements at the mill were the ultimate in status distinction. It was like something from the 1880s. The mill workers couldn't eat with the staff, the staff couldn't eat with the executives and the executives could only eat with the directors by special invitation, which meant they were well on their way to the top.

So the eating department took up almost as much room as the mill itself.

There was a large room with a scrubbed wooden floor and long tables covered with white plastic cloths where the mill workers sat on long benches and ate what was advertised as 'Bangers and Chips'.

The staff ate 'Sausage and Chips' in a smaller hall with tables for four and cheap lino on the floor. They sat on tubular chairs

while the executives rested their backsides on fabric-covered dining chairs and dined in a separate annexe. They also had a carpet, of sorts, because executives could apparently be trusted not to spill any of their 'Sausage and French Fried' on the floor.

And the directors ate in a gleaming mahogany temple high in the building, somewhere just below Heaven, and had their meals supplied by an outside catering firm.

It was over this mighty empire that Emily Bartle came to rule after the previous canteen manageress, Mrs Tooling, had left in a mighty rage.

Mrs Tooling had always had trouble cooking chips. She used to fry them in fat that wasn't hot enough and let them wallow for a couple of hours, with the result that when they arrived on your plate they were white and soggy and as limp as a case of brewer's droop.

There had been mutinous mumblings among the canteen customers for some time and eventually the yarn storeroom manager rebelled openly and told her that the chips were inedible and full of grease. 'How dare you!' screeched the prima donna of the kitchen. 'These chips are cooked in top quality oil!'

'What sort?' retorted the yarn storeroom manager. 'Shell or BP?' and Mrs Tooling had turned pale, then purple, then pale again, and had put on her coat and left for good.

Emily Bartle cooked much nicer chips. And she was better to look at. She was in her early thirties, dark-haired and slender with firm, ripe breasts. She had divorced her husband after he ran off with one of her rich aunts.

But it was obvious that his departure had left a void in her life and she needed someone to fill it.

On her first day she took a fancy to Rufus Harrison. We were lunching in the executive annexe – Rufus, myself and the virgin management trainee, who was called Alex. We usually dined together because Rufus liked to tell us tales of his bedroom bawdlerising. He thought that being young we would be impressed, which I suppose we were, to a certain extent.

One of the perks of dining in the executive annexe was that you had your meals brought to you instead of having to queue for them at the counter.

The first day of Emily's reign we watched her speed personally across the canteen towards us bearing a tray of steaming goodies above her pair of bouncing goodies. It was lamb cutlets with creamed potatoes, green beans, carrots and home-made mint sauce. Delicious! She served Alex and myself then paused before Rufus eyeing him greedily.

'Here you are,' she said eventually, putting his meal down carefully before him. 'It's all hot and just ready for you.' Then she

straightened his knife and fork, brushing her body against his body as she did so, and said 'See you again at pudding time.' As she left Alex called out 'Do you have spotted dick? Mrs Tooling used to.' 'Cheeky,' winked Emily Bartle. 'And he looks so innocent.'

Alex blushed. 'I meant the pudding,' he stumbled to explain. 'That sponge stuff with currants in it.'

'I know what you meant, dear,' said Emily Bartle, and swept away giggling towards her hot stove. She wasn't going to be over-awed by our executive status. As far as she was concerned you were only a man worthy of respect when you'd satisfied her as to your credentials.

Rufus didn't react as he should have done when it dawned on him that our big-breasted newcomer fancied him rather strongly. Instead of being delighted and grasping the opportunity with both hands he became rather uneasy, not at all in the character he had painted for himself.

Emily confirmed her interest on that first day when she swept over to our table again halfway through the meal and slipped another couple of cutlets on to Rufus's plate. And from then on the wooing was full-blooded.

I have never before or since seen anyone declare their lust so obviously through the meals they served. Emily Bartle believed that the way to get a man's trousers down was to satiate his appetite for food while at

the same time whetting it for other pleasures, and she had developed an imaginative kind of symbolism to express her desire, which was sometimes accompanied by a suggestive remark.

There was the day she served up Irish stew and told Rufus in a confidential way that she had a couple of nice dumplings for him. That was the same day she asked him to explain his job with the company.

'Well,' said Rufus, not very anxious to encourage her to chat with him, 'I time people's performance with a stop watch.' She giggled and winked at him. 'You can time my performance any time you like,' she said. Rufus smiled, but it was a pale sort of smile and you could tell he didn't mean it.

Then there was the time she presented him with the ultimate in culinary phallic symbols - two rounded scoops of mashed potatoes with a crisp, long pork sausage sticking out from between them.

Rufus looked at the plate and swallowed hard. He got the message. He decided to reject her using her own symbolism, and stabbing the sausage he pulled it over to the other side of his plate, behind the cabbage.

But Emily refused to take the hint. She nudged him. 'How would you likesometoad in the hole tomorrow?' she asked, winking so vigorously that her false eyelashes almost thrashed her cheek to death.

It was too much for poor Rufus. He stood

up, and rushed at the entrance to the annexe. Unfortunately the glass dividing doors were closed and he bounced back rapidly and sank to the floor, dazed.

Emily leapt across to him. With cries of 'Poor dear!' and eyes flashing triumphantly she helped him - or rather dragged him - to her office for what she declared would be a lie down and some first aid treatment.

The door closed behind them - but not for long. After a couple of minutes there was a mighty screaming and scrabbling and soon Rufus emerged, with torn shirt and holding up his trousers, and raced off to his office. He refused to say any more about it but Emily Bartle left at the end of the week, which was sad for us because she was a good cook and we had all grown used to the sight of her large breasts swinging around the place.

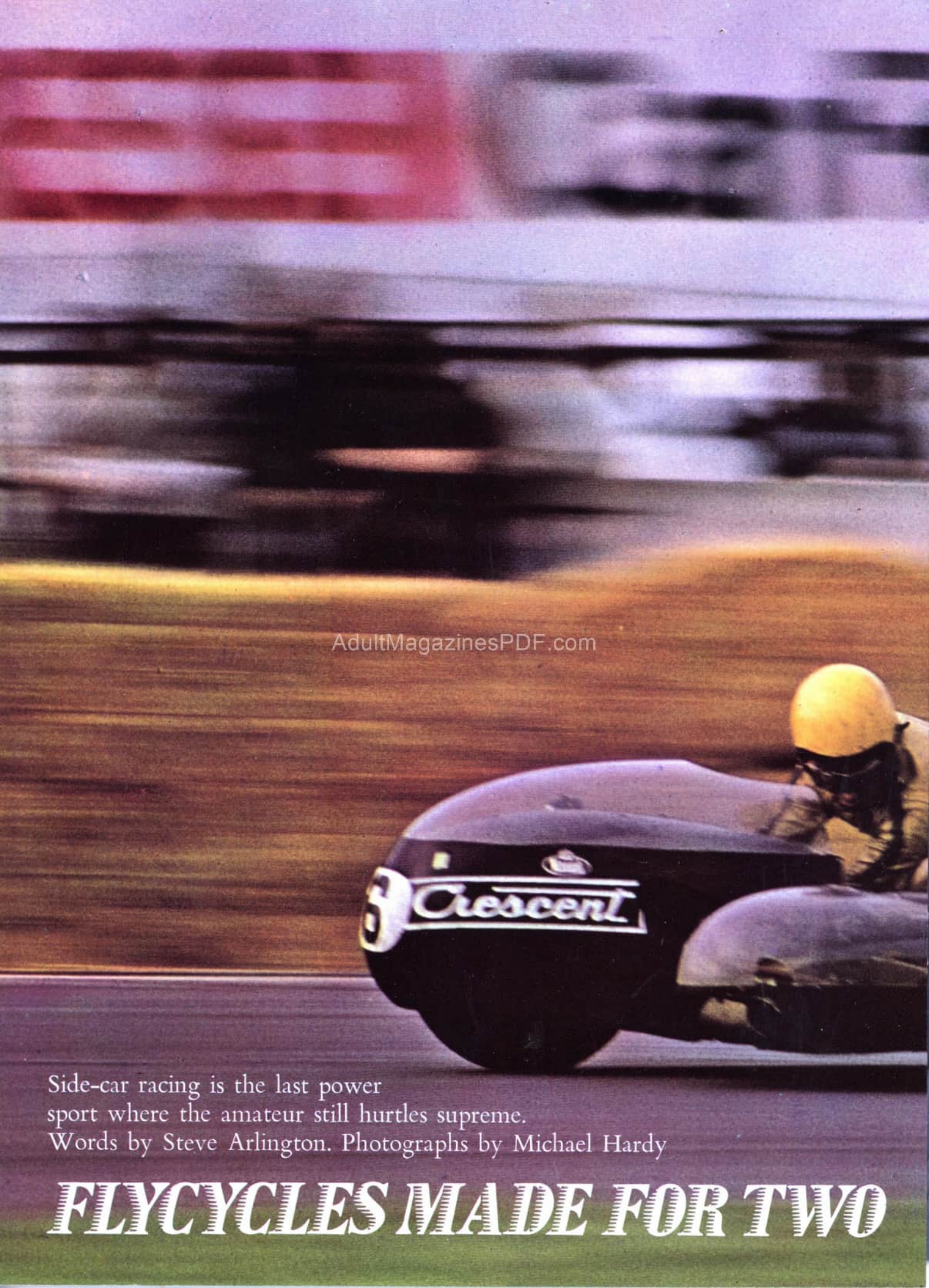
Her successor was old and grey and served up chips that were white and soggy and limp, like a case of brewer's droop. We discovered later that she was Mrs Tooling's mother.

And Rufus Harrison? He brought sandwiches with him for lunch every day after that and never once mentioned his fantasy sex life. He became a changed man. With sexual daydreams off his mind his career flourished and before long he left.

And me? I'm still trying to work out that bloody question. If hen plus egg equals salt, what the hell *does* cow plus pig equal? 



'I don't know what you're screaming about, lady . . . I understood this was going to be The Sound of Music.'



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Side-car racing is the last power sport where the amateur still hurtles supreme.

Words by Steve Arlington. Photographs by Michael Hardy

FLYCYCLES MADE FOR TWO

AdultMagazinesPDF.com





Ninety mph . . . ninety-five . . . the ton. You're four inches above the tarmac, anchored to the sliding, bucketing metal tray by the strength of leather-gloved fingers. The wind crushes goggles and mask against face; the stifling heat of your leather suit has been finally blasted by the slipstream. Ears are bruised by the rich, flat whipcrack of sound on your right as your partner comes down through the gears in a snap/blur of co-ordination between clutch and toe.

Eyes flick to the rev counter . . . 6,000 . . . 5,000 . . . 4,500 . . . a squirt of brakes before the corner. You swing out, body almost grazing the road now, as your rider leans smoothly inboard and whips the bike through a tight left-hander, scraping jagged rock by inches. You haul in, flatten down behind the perspex fairing for the bellowing charge to the next corner. Up through the gears again, listening – always listening – for the changing note from the engine that means trouble, failure . . . a race over.

The blur of the crowd . . . waving arms . . . splashes of colour: Dunlop signs, St John Ambulance white, bales of straw . . .

There are safer things to ride than motorbikes. Without the deceptive cocoon of metal that surrounds the car driver, side-car riders and drivers stake their lives on their skill, judgment, courage and teamwork. Motorcyclists are vulnerable on any road. On a race track designed for cars, hounded by riders all trying to go faster for longer, they take the sort of coldly calculated risks that

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Above: Rider Rudi Kurth and passenger Dane Rowe inspect their 500cc CAT before the start of last August's side-car handicap and championship races at Brands Hatch. On the previous pages, Kurth winds on the speed as Rowe flattens down behind the fairing – the perspex shield – on the straight.

Above centre: a closer look at the guts of the 650cc Kitten ridden by Mike Fiddaman and Allan Lodge. Top right: two teams battle it out mid-race. Below: close-ups of the mechanical wizardry of these 100mph wheelchairs. Right: full left hang-out by David Jose as rider Alan Sansum puts the power to their 750cc Quaipe Triumph on a left hander during the 39th International Hutchinson 100



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FLYCYCLES MADE FOR TWO

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would reduce an insurance company to apoplexy.

Hard-core riders – those to whom bike racing is the *only* way of life – are usually in their thirties. Invariably they are skilled, infinitely experienced mechanics, wise to the wiles of their machines. They long ago lost that suicidal 'it-can't-really-happen-to-me' attitude that's always been the epitaph of youthful ambition. They know that it can and it sometimes does. All they can do is slash risk to the minimum and hope they stay lucky. Their passengers need total faith in the rider's skill and an almost feline sense of balance. They must also have an encyclopaedic knowledge of the handling characteristics of their machine and a total, almost sensual, love of the mechanism within its crude, battered framework.

The vast majority of competition riders are amateurs – yet the overtones of the word are too harsh for the two thousand 'back garden' drivers and passengers who actually pay to provide a spectating public with the vicarious excitement of speed. Bike racing – whether solo or side-car – has a delicacy, a personality and almost a fragility that sets it quite apart from motor events.

Club members haunt the half dozen or so circuits that make up the sport's eight-month calendar – Brands Hatch, Snetterton, Mallory, Oulton Park, Thruxton, Lyddon and the Isle of Man TT race.

They're budgeted on a shoe-string and few firms bother to sponsor a sport that has no commercial 'pull' anymore. Side-cars went out of fashion for the family man ten, fifteen years ago, so today riders and passengers do the work on the bikes themselves. Few would have it any other way. Living the life of the weekend nomad, they sleep beside their machines, change engines by torchlight and bruise knuckles on lumps of metal late into the night before each race. When it's over they often load into a van and travel hundreds of miles to take part in another meeting at the other end of the country where they'll see the same old faces.

The purse that goes to the first team past the chequered flag seems small compensation for the risks taken – £25 for a first and £2 for sixth place: but once again, the big sponsors are gone and the riders are amateur.

The bikes are usually custom-built. They incorporate parts of some commercial machines and 'improvements' invented by the riders.

Combinations – good combinations – cost anything from £300 to £1,000 but to most addicts a good bike can't be bought. It has got to be custom-built by the crew who use it. They build it to their own individual idea of perfection and then strip it down after every three races.

Without this fusion between riders and machines something would be missing. Yet some riders do appear in immaculate overalls, climb onto a glittering machine, thrash round a circuit and then

drive off in a corporation car with an air of aloof snobbery, but these men and their very attitude are looked down upon by the real elite – those who race because they love to and wouldn't know what to do if they didn't. Amateurs like Fred Lewin and his girl passenger Lesley Broadley.

The two have been together for five years, riding a 'Lewin Special' – a 750cc machine that's basically Norton with a few added trinkets of their own. It's capable of revving to 8,200 – to Norton's astonishment – and will travel flat out at 126mph. It stands 24 inches high and has a four-speed box. Compression's at 11/1. The chassis is made from special light steel tubing and is nickel-bronze welded. It has disc brakes and a mini-car wheel on the 'chair' and on the rear of the bike. Their machine, though spectacularly different from anything you could have found in a commercial showroom, isn't that unusual among enthusiasts. They'll do the same sort of conversions on Triumphs, Harley Davidsons, BSAs, Hondas and BMWs. Engine size varies from 500 to 1,000cc.

Fred is 40 and has been racing for 21 years. In that time he has collected a drawerful of prizes and replicas and an equally impressive collection of broken ribs, collar bones, arms, legs, and ankles. He's fractured his skull twice and once he thought he'd broken his back. He exhibits scars and trophies with equal pride.

Lesley, an attractive, pert, dark-haired 23-year-old lab technician, has been more fortunate. She first went on a bike 'for a dare' five years ago and hasn't stopped racing since. She's come off, certainly, but has never been badly hurt. She thanks Fred for that, who steered their combination out of fatal danger in a 90 mph wipe-out last summer. Both would have walked away unscathed if Fred hadn't landed in rubble at the side of the track. The machine was only slightly bent, and that was important: bones mend but a write-off has to be rebuilt. Driving their 750 Lewin Special, the Lewin/Broadley combination finished 12th in last year's Isle of Man TT race. They averaged

79.169 mph in the Tourist Trophy, a source of intense satisfaction to them both.

Lesley was the only female international rider present. For her, the fascination of bikes is deep-rooted and almost impossible to define. She likes the speed and the noise. And the grease and the mechanics. She enjoys complete equality with the men who numerically dominate this gruelling sport. She says that in five years fifteen of her friends have been killed on the track. Yet both Lesley Broadley and Fred Lewin insist that the sport is not as dangerous as it appears – if only riders behave responsibly. They have little respect for some of the club riders who burn around a circuit with little thought for the havoc they leave in their wake. At such meetings ramblings on the grid and mid-race 'carve-ups' are commonplace.

'I sent Lesley down the road – she came off – a short while back and she just lay in the racing line (*the part of track riders must use if they're to corner safely*). Thirty riders went by, some missing her by inches, and she wasn't touched – and that was at an international meeting, thank God. If it had happened at a club meet she'd have been killed.'

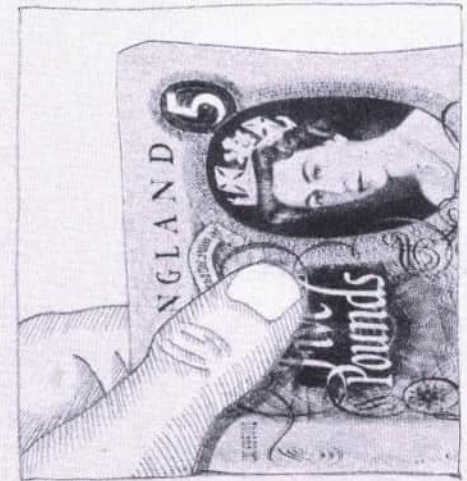
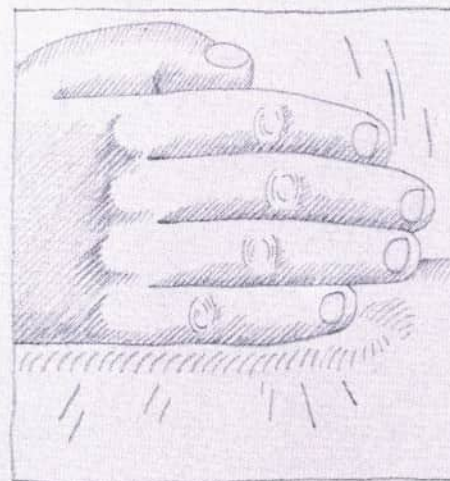
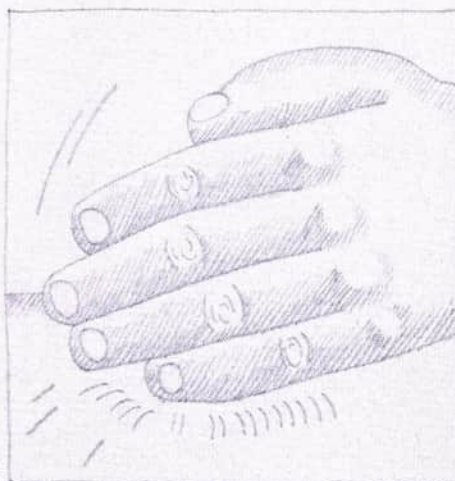
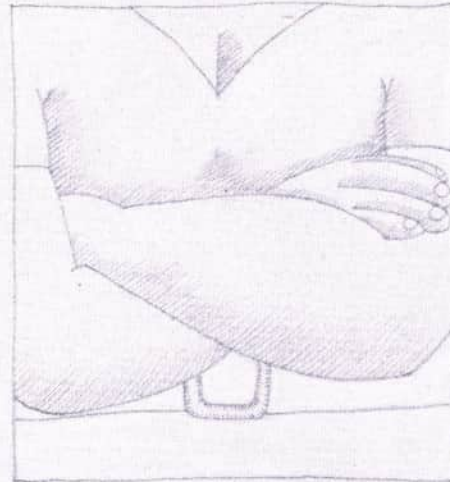
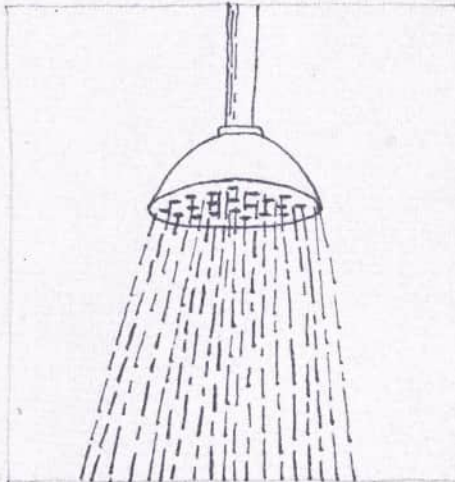
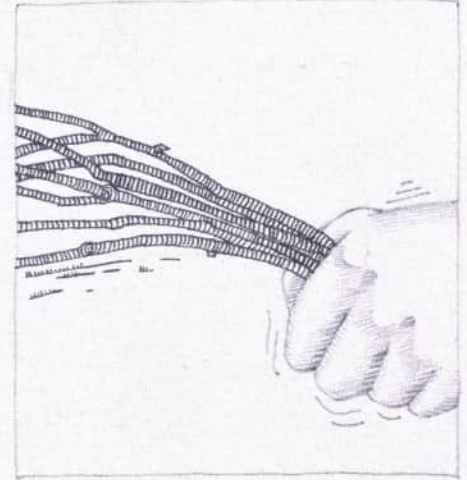
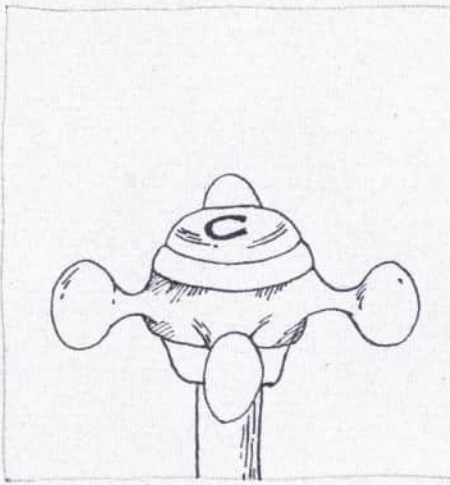
Fred adds: 'You can't just learn a circuit by going fast. If you go round with an attitude that says "I'm going to beat the world," then you're really asking for trouble.'

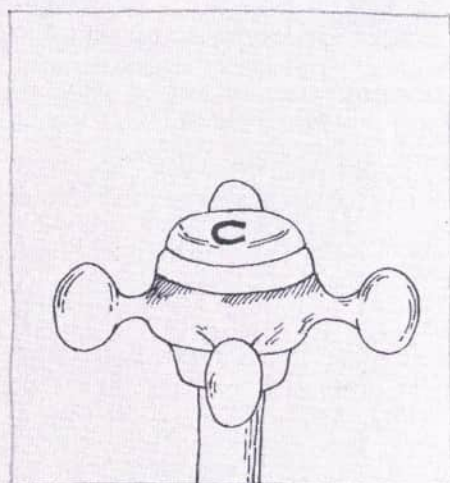
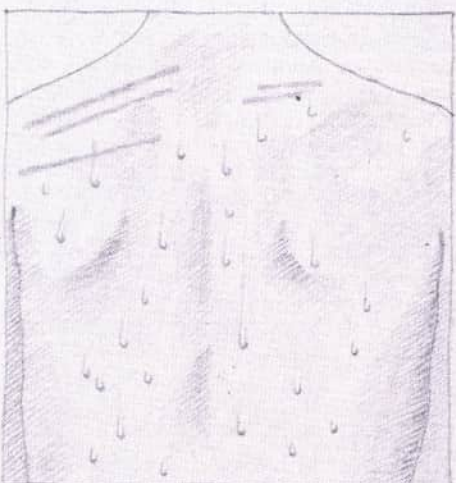
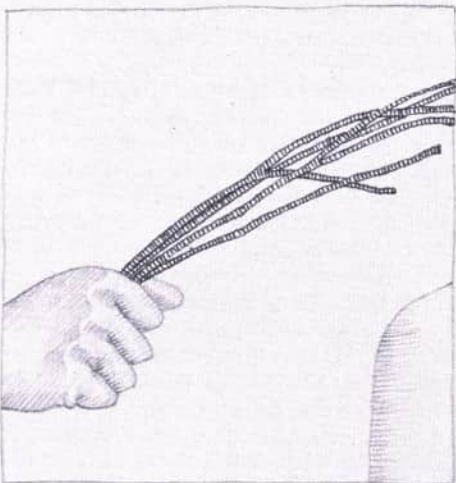
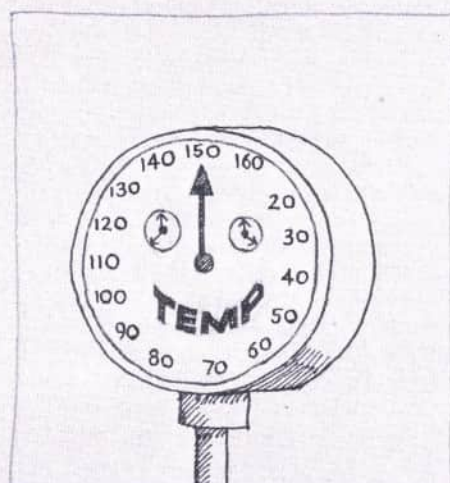
Riders fear oil on the road, trouble up front and those sheet metal curves that are designed to bounce out-of-control cars back onto the track – they'll decapitate riders and trap them beneath their machines, legs clamped against searing hot exhaust pipes. Straw bales are fine but there are never enough of them. They're spaced five yards apart – if the bike goes out of control it's a question of choosing your bale and trying to hit it.

Before a race starts riders try to ignore the mental ifs and buts that nag them before the chequered flag drops. Once it does, there's only time for the immediate, rushing present . . . the blur of the crowd, the waving arms, splashes of colour. 



'Some skunk has been trading with the Indians'





Birch twigs and steam heat? Sauna you than me

Sauna baths have never been so popular. But what, if you haven't tried one, are they really like? J D Mulliner relives his first shocking encounter

I guessed it was going to be one of those days, the moment I cranked up my eyelids. The top of my head felt as if someone was trying to break in with a pneumatic drill. Christ, what a hangover. For a while I lay completely still, content to count the spots floating lazily before my gaze. Very soon, however, nature became insistent. Carefully, I eased out of bed, staggered to the bathroom, and was momentarily unnerved to see a stranger staring back at me from the mirror. I put out my tongue, and recoiled with shock at the greenish brown sack hanging from my mouth. I closed it quickly and peered blearily at the blots I used to call my eyes.

My thoughts were interrupted as the front door slammed, and Al stomped into the room. He looked so healthy it was almost obscene.

Al's okay, but he's a bit on the thick side. He just didn't understand me at all. He's the healthy, bluff, extroverted slob. He

was always pushing me into things I'd never have contemplated by myself.

Suddenly I received a slap on the back, which not only opened my sensitive eyes; it almost propelled them from their sensitive sockets. Once more my brain shook loose from its moorings, and rolled around my skull like a thing demented. 'Are you alright then, lad?' he bellowed. Each word reverberated round the room and exploded inside my eardrum.

'Come on, up you get,' he bawled. I felt myself lifted bodily from the chair, and propelled towards the bathroom.

'Just rinse your face and get dressed,' he instructed. 'You're coming with me.' I had to do as he said. I was in no condition to argue. He lugged me to his car and uttered one word: 'Sauna'. I was still mystified a quarter of an hour later, when he pulled onto the forecourt of a modern prefabricated building. He got out of the car, and I followed tiredly as he went into the foyer.

A lovely girl about eighteen years old, clad in a white coverall and, from what my jaundiced gaze could perceive, very little else, greeted Al like a long-lost friend. He came over to me, pried my fingers from the doorpost, and pulled me into the building. We entered a door, halfway along a passage which seemed full of doors. I was pleasantly surprised to see three comfortable looking beds in the room. I was on one of them in two seconds flat, and was just beginning to nod off, when Al shook me roughly by the shoulder. I opened my bloodshot orbs with difficulty, then shock opened them so wide they nearly fell out. Al was starkers. I swung away from him and quickly made sure that the bed was between us. I'd heard about his sort and, as I said, he was a big chap. 'Come on,' he roared. 'We haven't got all day. Get undressed.'

I huddled shyly down by the side of the bed, averting my gaze from his masculinity. He reached over and dragged me to my feet. I struggled violently, but I was no match for him when I was fit, let alone in my present state. There was a large bath towel at the foot of each bed, and when Al picked one of them up and wrapped it round himself, I began to feel a little easier in my mind. I got undressed slowly, still keeping a wary eye on Al, who seemed to be getting a bit impatient. I wrapped a towel round me, and quickly followed him as he strode from the room. He entered another room further along the passage. Inside, there were three shower cubicles, and a cold stone floor which made my chilblains scream in protest. I started back towards the room with those lovely beds. I wanted nothing more than to rest for a year or two, but Al grabbed me and shoved me into one of the cubicles, at the same time taking my towel away. He got into the next cubicle and turned on the shower. I slowly sank to the floor and thankfully closed my eyes.

I dreamed I was about to make the final assault on Everest. The cold was eating into my very bones. I wondered if I'd ever make it to the top, for I was slowly freezing to death. I woke suddenly, realising that I was indeed freezing to death. Al had turned the shower on above me, and my delicate skin was being lacerated by needle-sharp jets of ice-cold water. I heard someone screaming in the distance. I realised afterwards that it was me. I fought my way up through the murderous jets, and reached for the hot tap. Nothing. It wasn't even connected. I stumbled out of that instrument of torture. Al stood grinning at me. I took a wild swing at his jaw, but only succeeded in skinning my knuckles against the wall.

'Take it easy, boy,' said Al. 'You'll be warm enough in a moment.'

I could have wept with gratitude. All circulation had stopped. My goose bumps had huddled together for warmth, and, looking down, I saw to my horror that my matrimonial prospects, at best only just adequate, had shrunk alarmingly. I glanced slyly at Al. He didn't seem to be affected at all. He threw me my towel, then he led the way to yet another door at the end of the passage. 'You'll soon warm up,' he remarked cheer-



fully. I tried to give a sarcastic reply, but my teeth were chattering so much, the enamel was chipping. He opened the door and pushed me into the room. It was like entering a blast furnace. In one corner of the pine-panelled room, was an electric stove. It looked as though it had a lot of rocks on top of it. Around the walls were wooden benches, in two tiers, the top tier having a handrail. On the wall above the benches was a large temperature gauge. I went over to it and stared in disbelief. 'What's the temperature?' called Al who was busy at the stove.

'Must be something wrong with it,' I muttered, giving it a thump. 'It says one hundred and fifty.'

He grunted to himself and turned one of the dials. There was a bowl of water beside the stove, and Al ladled some of it over the rocks. Steam hissed from them and instantly evaporated. The temperature crept up. All this heat was making me drowsy again. I slumped down on one of the benches, then leapt up like a gazelle in heat, as the most tender parts of my anatomy made contact with the hot wood.

'Sit on your towel, you nit,' growled Al. Gingerly I did as he suggested, and promptly fell asleep.

I was woken by a thump in the ribs from Al. He pointed up to the next bench. Wearily, I climbed up and sat with my arms and head hanging over the rail. Al went to the stove, poured more water on the rocks, turned the dial again, and climbed up beside me. I must have nodded off again, for when I woke up I thought I was being strangled. I couldn't breathe. My nostrils were on fire.

'Breathe through your mouth,' muttered Al. It felt easier doing that, although my eyeballs were melting, and I was dehydrating rapidly. I stole a glance downwards, and saw with relief that my prospects had attained their normal size. I also noticed, with some satisfaction, that Al seemed to have shrunk slightly, though it may have been an illusion caused by refraction. It was so hot now. It was difficult to see properly. Suddenly I felt something thrust into my hand. I looked at it. It was a large bunch of twigs. I turned to ask Al what they were for, when suddenly I felt a sharp stinging sensation across my back. I saw Al's upraised hand clutching an identical bunch of twigs.

Before I could say anything, he brought them down across my shoulders. Enough was enough.

I belted back at him with the twigs he'd given me. For five minutes we smashed at each other, then I began to tire. Surprisingly enough, as soon as I stopped, so did Al.

'That's about enough, I think,' he said amiably.

We climbed down to the floor. I was foolish enough to ask what happened next. 'We take another shower,' he said simply. 'No, not another shower, please,' I pleaded. 'I couldn't stand that cold again.'

'Look at you,' he said. 'You can't go home like that, can you?'

I was amazed to find that a thin film of sweat streaked mud covered my whole body. I, who made a fetish of bathing once, sometimes twice, a day. Reluctantly I had to agree with Al.

We gathered our towels and padded back to the torture chamber. I turned on the shower, and stuck my foot under it, the shock nearly dislocated my ankle. By the time Al had finished his shower, I had completely washed both legs to the kneecaps and both hands. Al gave me a shove and I fell into the cubicle to be once more subjected to those murderous jets. After a minute or so, it wasn't so bad. I went numb all over. When I was thoroughly clean, I eased out of the shower feeling like a wet noodle. I buffed myself hard with the towel in an attempt to get the old corpuscles moving again, and soon I began to feel like my old self - lousy. I looked round for Al. He was marching along the passage to yet another door. As I hurried after him I couldn't help wondering what other fiendish apparatus lay behind it. He opened the door and we went in. It was pleasantly warm in the room. Again it was pine panelled, but apart from a rather threadbare carpet, the only furniture consisted of two long wooden tables. Al climbed onto one of them and gestured to me to get on the other. A button was set in the wall in front of each table. Al reached out and pressed his.

A minute later the door opened. I craned my neck to see who it was. The girl Al had spoken to in the foyer came in. She was prettier than I'd thought. A slow blush started from my toes and travelled rapidly upwards to the roots of my hair. I grabbed my towel as she smiled at me, and wrapped it round me like a chrysalis. Al lay on his stomach, unconcerned naked, his towel under his head. The girl walked over to him and ran her hands down his back.

'This was more like it,' I thought, as I peered over the edge of the towel. My imagination began to run riot. Erotic fantasies loomed in my mind. With fevered hands, I reached out and pressed the button in front of me, then I lay back, waiting. While I waited I wondered. Would she be pretty, yet faintly antiseptic, as was Al's girl, or would she be a raven-haired temptress? I hoped she'd have raven hair. I've always been kinky about it. I lay with my face towards the door, smiling, waiting.

The smile on my face faded as the door

opened with a crash. Completely blocking the doorway was a heavyweight wrestler – or was it a woman? – it was a job to tell. I finally decided that it must be a woman – she didn't have a beard. She waddled over to me, chins bouncing, and grabbed the towel. With one swift jerk she removed it, and I lay like a helpless babe at her mercy. It was then that she decided that she didn't like me. Her huge hands with the sausage-like digits started to probe. After removing each muscle in my body, she crushed it and put it back. Not satisfied with that, she tried to remove my spine. This was made difficult for her, as by now it had turned to a soft jelly, so she turned me over and tried to get at it from the front. This sadistic treatment went on for years, although when I looked at my watch only a quarter of an hour had passed. I assumed that the great sausage fingers had somehow mangled it. At long last I was allowed to rest. I think she became alarmed when she saw signs of *rigor mortis* setting in. She draped the towel almost tenderly over my buttocks, and left the room. Moments later, the girl attending Al left also. She gave a warm smile as she passed me. I tried to speak but all that came out was a whimper.

'Come on then,' said Al, springing from the table.

'Where to now?' I croaked.

'We have to rest a while now,' he said.

I climbed off the table and staggered after him. Funny. I hadn't noticed before that my legs were made of rubber. We went to the room where it had all started, and I flung myself thankfully onto the soft mattress. When Al shook me, he was dressed, ready to leave.

'How do you feel now?' he asked. 'Better?' I flexed myself all over and, strangely, I felt fine. In fact I couldn't ever remember feeling so relaxed and well. 'I feel great,' I told him.

'Good, get dressed now,' he grinned. 'I've got an appointment, so I have to leave right away, I've ordered a taxi for you.' With that he was gone.

I dressed lazily, noticing a new fluidity in my movements. As I combed my hair at the mirror, I could see the freshness of my skin. My eyes were clear and bright, and there was a spring in my step as I walked through to the foyer. The young girl was there, waiting, smiling sweetly. The wrestler had vanished. No doubt she was soaking her hands in vinegar somewhere, hardening them for her next victim.

'That will be four guineas, please, sir,' she said, still smiling sweetly.

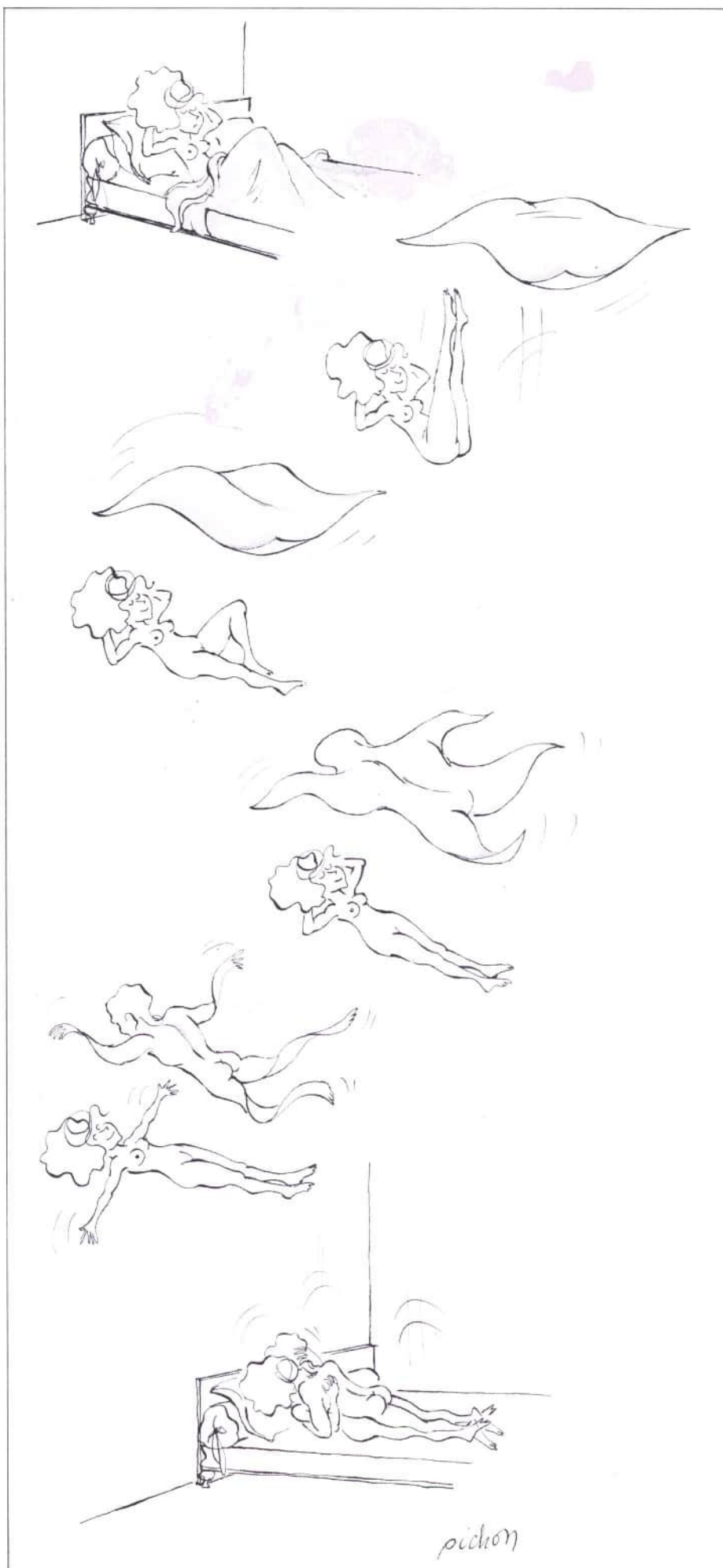
'Four guineas!' I screamed. 'For being tortured?'

Her smile slipped a little. 'It's two guineas really, sir, but your friend was in a hurry, and he said you'd see to the bill.'

I thought of Al and, with murder in my heart, I handed over the cash.

As I left, she called to me: 'I hope you'll visit us again, sir.'

I thought about the past hour and a half as I waited for the taxi. I reckon a sauna bath could be compared with being hit on the head with a hammer . . . It feels so nice when it stops. 🍌



Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner stories

The promising young lawyer was cited in a paternity case as father of the child. If the verdict went against him his career would be in jeopardy.

Despite positive blood group tests and witness accounts of his involvement with the girl he pleaded not guilty.

The judge was intrigued to see what case the lawyer would make for his defence. 'My Lord,' the lawyer began, 'this girl is something of a tease. She would allow me access to her room whenever her mother was out. She would lie naked on the bed but not let me effect an entry.

'On the date in question, however, she permitted me to rest my organ within her outer walls provided I stopped short of her maidenhead. As a true English gentleman I kept my word. Unfortunately the mother returned unexpectedly. Seeing my position she gave me such a powerful kick on the backside that I was plunged into the girl to the hilt and the friction caused my premature release.

'My Lord, I wish to submit that the father of the child is that girl's mother.'

Entering the hotel bedroom on the first night of the honeymoon after a final drink, the young husband was surprised to find his wife sitting on the edge of the bed, completely naked but for a small brown beret.

'Darling,' he said, 'have you gone crackers?'

'No my love,' she replied, 'I'm just following my mother's advice.'

'What was that?'

'She told me that if I wanted to keep my husband's interest I should never let him see me completely naked.'

The station sergeant told the young chambermaid that if she wished the police to bring charges of rape against the hotel porter, he would need exact details of how and where it had happened.

She related that while leaning from a bedroom window to watch a May Day parade, the porter had crept in, lowered the sash to trap her and pulling down her panties had taken her from behind. 'And no-one heard you shouting for help?' queried the sergeant.

'Oh no, I didn't shout for help.'

'Why not?'

'What? And have everybody think I was supporting the Labour Party?'

The student and his girlfriend were returning from an inter-collegiate soccer match. After seeing all those strong muscular thighs on the pitch the girl was feeling fruity and suggested they stop on the way home for a kiss and cuddle.

The student parked his car in the woods and the cuddling soon developed into something else.

Despite not having gone all the way before, the lad managed tolerably well. When he had finished he said: 'Darling, I suppose you must have enjoyed it a lot. Is that why you kept nodding your head?'

'As a matter of fact, Charles,' she replied, 'you'd got my scarf tucked in as well.'

'Oh Mummy,' cried the debby bride, about to enter the taxi after the reception, 'I seem to have forgotten my gloves.'

'My darling child,' purred mother, 'you won't need gloves - just warm your hand before you hold it. It's quite the done thing.'

The young man squandered his inheritance in the clubs and casinos of France. He returned home penniless and approached his uncle for a loan.

The uncle refused the loan but if the young man would marry his daughter he'd settle a dowry of twenty thousand pounds on her.

'She's a fine girl,' said the uncle, 'nice hair, good teeth, well shaped body, big breasts and a generous nature.'

'There must be a catch somewhere,' mused the young man.

'Well, my boy,' replied the uncle, 'I must confess she is just the teeniest weeniest bit pregnant.'

It was a quiet jungle afternoon as the female ape searched the edge of the trail for food. But in a nearby bush a mighty something lurked.

As she passed, a large hairy arm appeared and hoisted the ape bodily into the bush. After a frantic struggle, the ape staggered back onto the trail, moaning: 'I'm a raped ape, a raped ape.' Next animal past was a bear. Again the arm appeared and hauled the animal into the bush. The struggle was more protracted but the end result was the same. The bear reappeared muttering: 'I'm a ruined bruin, a ruined bruin.'

The third animal to chance by was a large portly duck. It too was scooped into the bush. A hectic struggle ensued. Feathers filled the air and the duck emerged, wailing: 'It's a mistake, I'm a drake. It's a mistake, I'm a drake.'

Along with his bible, the missionary took a number of tomes on English Law into the backward country. Before passing on to pastures new he established both church and law court modelled on the British system.

Years later, returning as a man of high esteem, he was invited to attend the court to see for himself how well it was run.

Their procedures were beyond reproach but one thing puzzled the missionary. Every half hour a superbly bare breasted maiden ran through the door, across the public gallery and out again.

Puzzled, the missionary turned to the chief and questioned him.

'It is a part of the Great British system of Law,' said the chief.

'How is that?' asked his visitor.

'We are always reading in your newspapers how a titter ran through the gallery. That is her.'

There was a young man of Australia
Who went on a wild bacchanalia.

He rogered a frog,

Two mice and a dog -

And a Bishop in fullest regalia.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final

Those migratory birds

Richard Gilbert finds that with Big Ben and the British male just a jet-hop

Note: The letter you are about to read is true. Only the underwear has been changed to protect the names of the innocent.

Dear Mothers and Fathers of America,
Please allow me to introduce myself. I am an Englishman who has a deep affection for your country. I proudly own the BTA qualifications (Been To America) plus several bars. (The bars will take some explaining but to cut my story short go to the cross-section of Melrose and La Cienega in Los Angeles and ask for a hostelry called 'Jumping Jack Flash'.) I have even done time on a Californian campus – twelve months including remission. History of Western Civilisation was the stuff that got me nicked. All that was in pre-Hashbury days when fuzz was something you rubbed

off peaches and put something you put a baby on. To return to the present: I have lived for a couple of years in a communal flat near the centre of London. The number of our house happens to be 69 which is also English, I hear, for soixante-neuf.

Come the glories of an English summer, 69 becomes the scene of some remarkable Anglo-American intercourse as hordes of delicious American girl students stop off in London, their ruck-sacks bulging with vapor rubs, contact-lens cleaner, Brautigan and Kierkegaard paperbacks not to mention unsoiled copies of *Europe on Five Dollars a Day*. Now I just do not believe in the domino theory for South-East Asia but I have to accept it for the frantic world of American colleges. Give a couple of Californian girls your address in London and

within a couple of years Nevada, Wisconsin, New York and Florida are sending you the cream of their flowering co-eds to doss down, haggle for floor-space or just plain get into moral danger. The word spreads so fast that I can predict accurately when the student charter flights, like swallows, begin their annual migration from Kennedy Airport to Gatwick.

The moment of first awareness in my nookery comes with a phone call – usually in the wee small hours. A confident American voice gargles at the other end: 'Hello. You don't know me but I'm a good friend of Susie Rosencrantz at Wisconsin U. and she said I must get in touch with you as soon as I reach London. Now I've got a sleeping bag with me. Is it OK if I come right over once I'm through customs?'



who land at my place

away, America's daughters are here to stay. Illustrations by Ronald Cobb

'All right,' groans a leering voice at the other end (mine); it's also sleep-swept as the girls forget there is a time difference between the two sides of the Atlantic. So begins an elaborate mating-dance, an amorous parody of lend-lease.

You see, dear parents, I have read – perhaps too much – about your darling daughters. There were those ground-breaking, documentary works like the Kinsey Report and the Masters-Johnson survey. Then there was *Candy* and a host of other informative works of fiction. Do you recall, for example, that description in *End of the Road* by John Barth of an American college class and its effect on a rapier-keen male teacher: 'I felt my nostrils flare like a stud's at the nubby tight sex of them, flustered and pink-scrubbed, giggling and moist . . . the rubby

sweet friskies twitched in their seats and tugged their skirts down dimpled white knees.' All this at an 8 am class on the New Deal. No wonder that Barth says that early blue morning is the most erotic time on the American campus.

How refreshingly different from my own student days and those damp, blustering mornings at Oxford where in cavernous lecture-rooms I searched in vain for female beauty among the subfusc, serried ranks of undergraduettes while cocking half an ear to the droning words about the significance of Alfonso the Slobberer. Your daughters, I hear, make up the better half of the Now generation, actively demonstrating their emancipation from straight-jacketed convention. The media shout at us until we are deaf that the American girl is the most

liberated on earth (the ground-swell of Women's Lib notwithstanding). Our image of the American girl is a confident beauty joining coast to coast Sexual Freedom Leagues, starring bare in underground movies, baking hashish cookies, flying on Translove Airlines, packing her pill along with her fluoride toothpaste and enthusiastically exploring intergalactic space. There seems to be an extra dimension to the style of American girls. Let me give you a political example. We are used to demonstrations on our streets in London. We regularly parade from Hyde Park to Downing Street and Trafalgar Square. Occasionally there might be a fracas between the demonstrators and the police and extremists have been known to rip up the

turn to page 75



Those migratory birds

continued from page 65

turf in Grosvenor Square. But what is that compared with this account of a demonstration in Washington that I read in an American paper: 'TV cameras could not take pictures of the young girls clad in hippie style who went up close in front of the lines of troops and flung their dresses up over their heads to show complete nakedness underneath. They were at the same time urging the troopers to come out and enjoy an act of sexual intercourse on the grass.' So that's what they mean by 'Right On!'

Now what happens, you are asking, when your daughters come to our door at number 69? We greet them rapturously, take them to the local tavern and introduce them to native brews. We escort them back home and, to a background of rock, the mating dance resumes.

Based on a geographically varied sample I offer every American parent a personalised guide to the American girl in London. Who knows? Your daughter may be there.

The Californian Peach

She lives in split-level comfort outside Los Angeles. She is ludicrously beautiful and her wad of American Express travellers' cheques is as thick as the T-bone steak she hungrily consumes. As soon as she reaches London she shortens her skirts or moves into hot-pants. As a result her sun-kissed thighs turn blue. When her sleeping bag is unrolled and every Englishman's heart is filled with joy, she insists on discussing her wonderful Philosophy 2B course in which she has just reached the death of God. She is sometimes a maiden and confides after a few glasses of cider that her ambition is to lose 'it' in Europe. When I, a European to my toe-nails, generously volunteer to co-operate with her in this project she explains that she means mainland Europe. I finally recognise the cruel consequences of French resistance to Britain's entry into the Common Market.

The Californian Activist

She often comes from the Berkeley campus of the University of California where she is extremely active in student politics – usually to the left of Mao. Sometimes she sees a psychiatrist at home and bores us with details of what the shrink gets fifty dollars an hour to hear. In London she spends her time at the ICA, National Theatre and the Everyman cinema. Although over-earnest, she is sometimes generous to her hosts. When a young man's fancy starts to flutter, her kindness is only matched by the gravity of her staccato conversation. This tends to pursue the following lines: 'Maybe. Contraceptives? We'll see.'

The Californian Tripster

She has travelled 7,000 miles in a sweater and levis through which her rosy rear is already grinning. Apart from a woollen bag, she has no luggage and her sandals are inevitably broken. Although only 19, she tells us that her 13-year-old sister is the really cool one in the family. The younger sister has been through every imaginable

(and some unimaginable) scene. According to the wilting flower-child now in meditative pose at 69: 'If you're interested in sex, she's the one you should meet. Me? There was a time . . . but I've transcended all that. But my kid sister – she's amazing. She drops acid like it was Hershey bars.'

In the absence of this sister, I try to improve Anglo-American relations in the best possible way. The Tripster only comes to life when she can hear Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead and early Chuck Berry. She hates her step-father (all parents of this category are divorced). Her boy-friend back home tends to be in a self-help addict's home. She spends her time in London among the hippie hucksters of Portobello Road and blows her savings on expensive Afghan gear. She peppers her conversation with words like 'warp' and 'woof', 'yin' and 'yang' and talks of her ambition to 'clamber down the protein ladder of genetic memory'. The only food she consumes is macrobiotic ('get your head into brown rice', she tells me).

The Tripster is often found concealed in a sleeping-bag weeks after her charter flight has returned to California.

The Wisconsin Wild Ones

They come to London in pairs and make it clear from the outset that they really live in New York, not Madison, Wisconsin. They dabble in revolutionary politics, rarely drink and talk about Life and Sex with appropriate capitals. Their devotion to certain fashionable European writers like Herman Hesse and Fanon is as overwhelming as their stamina for swapping dialectics with lusty English males. They can spend a week rationalising why they spurn the offer of a bed in favour of the living-room floor. The only argument to pierce their polemical armour is the accusation that their deep study of European literature and culture counts for nought if their own lives remain unaffected by their reading. This cuts them to (if you will pardon the expression) their quick. They indulge in candid reminiscences about their American

lovers at the drop of a blanket. Although invariably the off-spring of wealthy parents, they prefer to leave untouched the vast sums of money showered on them 'for Europe' and instead they hitch-hike through the Continent to identify with the vagrant student search for a Great European Transforming Experience.

New York Mind-Bogglers

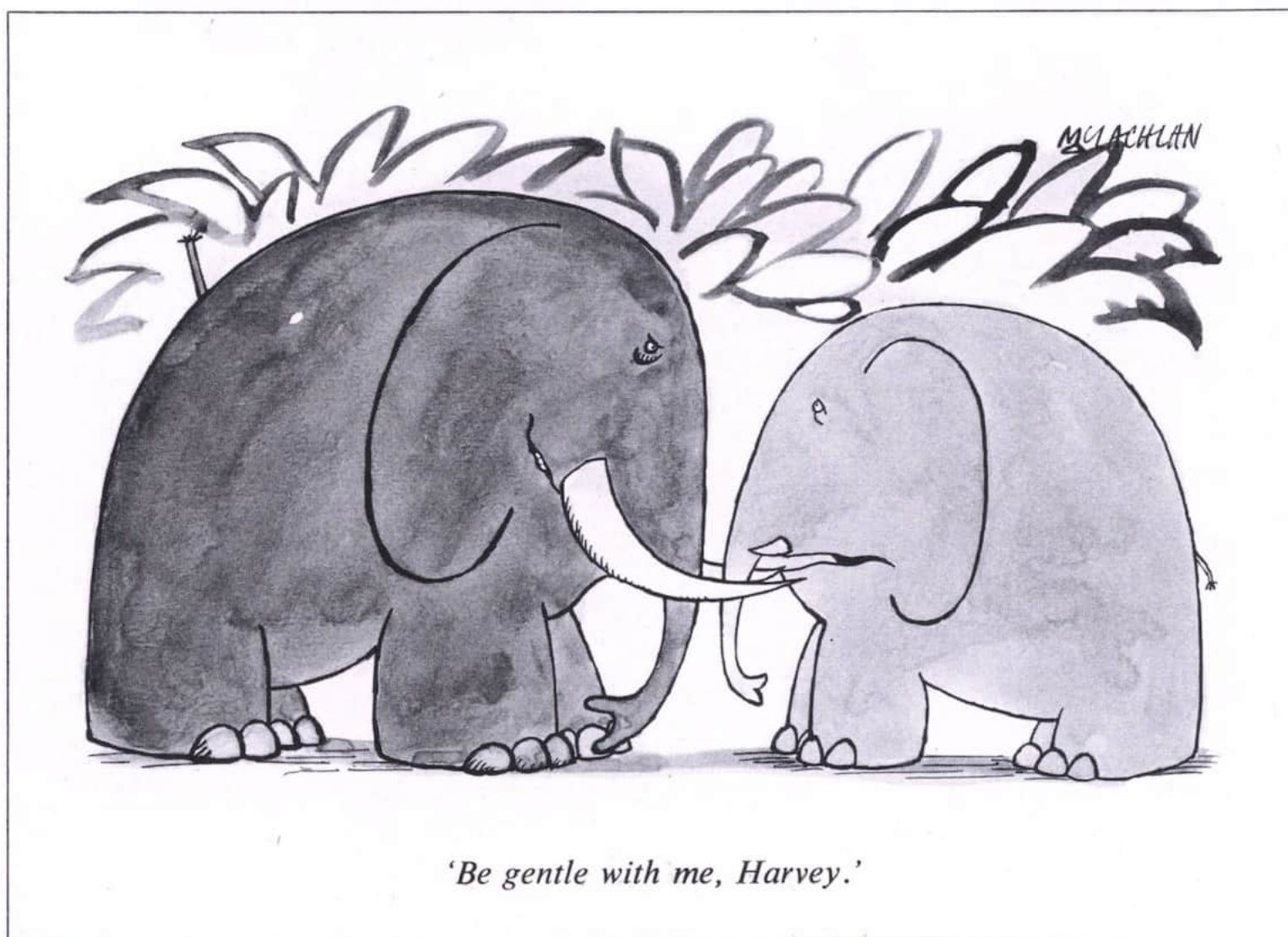
To a girl, they kvetch about home. They sprinkle their conversation with foreign phrases puzzling to the English like 'shtick', 'schmuck', 'schlemiel' and 'schlep'. They can always be identified by their light-brown trench-coats whose pockets bulge with giant Kleenex and the international edition of the *New York Times*. They wax lyrical about the clothes at Biba's, buy dresses there and find their shoulders are too broad to get into them. They are tough, humorous, mature to the point of decadence and make stimulating company. Despite a tough facade they often reveal themselves as vulnerable and gentle. They have been responsible for the occasional crisis by mistaking an offer of temporary hospitality for a life-time pledge. This has led to long transatlantic phone calls to their parents which were not only melodramatic but also extremely expensive.

There is a distinguished Englishman of letters who likes to approach girls at parties with the line: 'Shall we go upstairs to bed? It will only take 25 minutes.' He is likely to have more success with New Yorkers than with any other type.

So, dear parents, I hope I have stilled some of those nagging doubts that cross your mind as you wave your daughters goodbye. There is no need to be concerned about the reception they will be greeted with in London – if they end up at 69.

Bearing that in mind, mothers and fathers, you can safely advise your daughters to take advantage of our hospitality. It will cost them nothing and it will go a long way to help some Englishmen keep, as we say over here, their pecker up.

Sincerely, Richard Gilbert. 



'Be gentle with me, Harvey.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Four

When a modern girl gets sex-hungry does she show her appetite – and make moves to assuage it? Are girls becoming sexually more aggressive? Are they prepared now to take the lead in establishing a sexual relationship? *Quest*, in a remarkable new series, investigates these possibilities and finds ample evidence that for some girls,

and quite a large number, sexual intercourse is such a normal and natural function that when they want it they are prepared to take steps to get it. Just what those steps are, how blatant they can be, and how men can reap the benefit of them, makes an engrossing document that shows clearly the role a woman sometimes plays





INTRODUCTION

The standard of sexual mores in Britain today has been generally and conveniently described as the Permissive Society. Few people accept it at its full and face value and, indeed, some writers have made quite a craft of proving that the permissive society either does not exist at all or is anything but permissive. Certainly, since records have been kept in Britain there is ample evidence, from the parish registers nine months later, that any amount of rumbling went on amongst the hay ricks. The permissive society, in its popular meaning has two major interpretations. The first is that one is permitted to do all sorts of things that were generally not permitted before. Recent Acts of Parliament give legal sanction to some of these modes of conduct. The other general meaning is the one that generally comes into the minds of most men; that permissive means a girl will permit you to have sexual intercourse with her. But beyond this 'permission' which has a passive connotation, is another level – the strata of girls who take the lead. This can be a male phantasy reaching back to beyond Stonehenge, the ancient fertility goddess. In most men's memories it was the older, bolder girl of his first school years who said 'I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours.' It is at one the experienced Parisian whore to whom the aristocrat – her former lover – leads his son so he can gain experience in the accepted way, it is also the flighty barmaid who drops the double meaning to the personable man, and shortly afterwards her pants.

But these have always been with us. Today a new scheme of things emerges. Today a girl can make it obvious she finds a man attractive and that she would like sex with him. It is no disgrace to make the running. Who are these girls and what actually do they do? Many of them talked to us in aggressive 'why shouldn't I' voices. But others softly and reluctantly confessed what they had done, certainly not in shame, but perhaps with a remaining wish that the man had taken the lead. Their stories are extremely helpful guides to what, in the seventies, some girls in Britain expect of men.

In this first part of our new survey we examine a particular aspect of a girl taking the lead: occasions when one word or action at the right moment leads to an immediate sexual act.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Boarding house landlady, 36 years old, raven, town of origin Sheffield

This interviewee, a most poised and attractive woman, ran a large house as lodgings for students. She had had a grammar school education and at one time had been a nurse. After an unhappy marriage she obtained a divorce. There were no children of the marriage.

Quest: You are divorced are you not?

Landlady: Yes, since I was 27. It didn't really work out and after a time he left me. We were finally divorced.

Quest: And since then you have taken students into your home?

Landlady: Not quite like that. I went to live with an aunt and looked after her. When she died she left me the house and as I had grown to love it I wanted to find a way to live there still although it was too big for me. So I took in students. I wanted young people around me.

Quest: But you are attractive, could you not have married again?

Landlady: It may surprise you but I am very shy. The idea of going out and finding a husband repelled me rather. Anyway, after one difficult marriage I did not want to hurry into another.

Quest: When the students were staying with you things began to happen?

Landlady: You mean sexual things?

Quest: Yes.

Landlady: Oh yes. A couple of the rigger type boys chatted me up once or twice. I found no difficulty in repelling them.

Quest: Why was that?

Landlady: I didn't need them, I suppose.

Quest: But then, I think, something else happened?

Landlady: Yes. Are you sure this is completely anonymous. I don't want anybody to recognise him.

Quest: It has never happened. You may have the tape back if you really wish. Please go on.

Landlady: He came to stay as a brand new student. He looked so vulnerable. His name was Colin. He was small with this mop of fair hair that fell over one eye. I felt very protective towards him. He was also very quiet and kind. He blossomed a bit during the first month and then he got this girl friend.

Quest: Was this a good thing?

Landlady: I didn't think so. She was dreadful. A shocker, I thought. She treated him abominably. She was bossy and wanted him to spend money all the time. I could have understood it if she was pretty but she wasn't. She was very draggy really. Then came the big bust up. I didn't realise it for a night or two, but one evening he was sitting in the lounge and I said 'Hello, not out with Marlene?' There was no one else there and he said 'No, she's chucked me up.' I was amazed he should talk like that, a nice looking boy like that. So I said he

shouldn't be very worried and it didn't matter.

He then said a strange thing. He said 'Oh a boy needs a girl,' I said 'Of course,' and he said 'Oh not like that. You know, "the comfort of flesh".' I was a bit stupid, I suppose, and I said – a bit shocked I remember – 'Oh you mean sex.' I somehow didn't like the thought of him and Marlene having passionate sex. Anyway, he didn't mean that. He said: 'I meant just a "warm woman to hold and caress".' We didn't say anymore about it that evening but, my goodness, I did a lot of thinking in bed that night.

Quest: What sort of thinking?

Landlady: I was thinking what a nice boy he was and how thoughtful and deep thinking. And that made me compare him with my husband who wasn't like that. Then I thought of his words 'comfort of flesh' and it suddenly came to me 'You and me, both,' I hadn't known the comfort of flesh since shortly after my honeymoon. Oh, we'd had sex afterwards, but not a lovely warm lying side by side gently comforting sex. Please don't let me get too poetic.

Quest: Don't get embarrassed. You are expressing yourself beautifully.

Landlady: Thank you, it's the wine. So I went on thinking, and after that I wondered what it would be like with Colin beside me gently caressing, and I thought 'that would be baby snatching, practically,' and then I thought 'Not at all, Colin is a deeper more mature person than me for all the age difference.' Then suddenly I saw it clearly. I was so naive. I always had been. Sex was for mature people. I said to myself: 'Go on imagine it, imagine it.' And I imagined Colin and I doing it passionately. It was so vivid that I groaned out loud. And then I did something I hadn't done for ages.

Quest: What was that?

Landlady: You can guess, I think. I brought myself to climax. Women do, you know. More often than you think.

Quest: And then.

Landlady: Next day I decided I had to be mature and practical. Colin would never make a pass at me, I would have to make one at him. I thought about it a lot but I couldn't decide on a plan of action. I couldn't just grab his trousers, could I?

Quest: So what happened?

Landlady: It happened naturally once we got past the moment where I was fairly sure I would not be totally rebuffed. Colin was in the lounge. It was quite late, and all the others had gone to a dance. Colin didn't feel like going and I freely admit I went back in the lounge because he was there. I asked him why he was so glum and he said a few meaningless things and I tried to cheer him and then he said 'Oh it's all right for you, you are attractive and self sufficient.' They were the most important things he could have said because in my imagination I had decided it would be all right if I knew he found me attractive. I just clicked into action. I amazed myself. I just went towards him and said 'How little you know, Colin. Come here.' I pulled him towards me so my breasts were full in his chest and I

said 'Don't you think a woman also needs your comfort of flesh?' As I was speaking I was running my hand up his back. Then he put this quiet hand up and just took hold of my breast, very gently and firmly. It was the sexiest thing he could have done. I nearly popped out of my bra. He could feel it. I don't know if he kissed me or I kissed him but we were suddenly on the sofa and in a passionate embrace. My skirt was right up my thighs and at that time I was still wearing stockings and suspenders. When he put his hands on my panties I felt his trousers. He suddenly stopped and said 'Someone might come in,' 'You, I hope, Colin', I said, and I led him by the hand up to my bedroom. We didn't turn the light on but there was light from a street light outside. He hesitated for a moment and then I undressed him. His tie first and then his shirt. When I got to his underpants he was so stiff I said 'We'll have a job here.' He just grinned and then he did the same for me. We both climbed into the bed, not on, in, and went into this passionate clench. Somehow I had not thought of full sexual intercourse and I said to him I hadn't got any birth control thing. 'That's OK,' he said 'I got some for Marlene, but I didn't ever make it in the end.' He got out of bed and got them and put one on. It made me feel so fruity. These contraceptives were meant for Marlene and I was going to get the benefit. He was as stiff as a poker. I just guided him into me and for one so gentle he was the hardest man I've ever met. He was completely transformed, not the gentle boy I had thought. He even put my legs over his shoulders. I had never even done that before. He was groaning and moaning and we both came together. It was marvelous. Then after that he said a wonderful thing. He said 'I wanted to do that more than anything in the world,' and he meant with me. To think that it might never have happened.

Quest: Did it happen again?

Landlady: That night? Yes once more and he was so slow and gentle and it was just as gorgeous. I wanted to use the whole packet of three as a matter of fact but Colin couldn't quite make it.

Quest: I didn't mean that night, actually. I meant did the relationship continue.

Landlady: Yes, in a way. I went down to the birth control clinic and had my cap refitted so there was no danger. Colin had been a little worried. But even then we didn't do it too often. It wasn't as if I was his mistress, if you understand. He studied an enormous amount during the week, and it was a sort of understanding that we would on Saturday night, or perhaps Friday night, if he wasn't going out.

Quest: Did Colin have other girl friends?

Landlady: I think he did. But knowing Colin he never brought any home after our relationship had started.

Quest: And how did it end?

Landlady: Funny, really. Colin began to have doubts whether we ought to or not. He was going through a religious phase; well, not religious exactly but philosophical. He became very interested in these 'retreats' where you go away for a weekend to

meditate. We talked about it and I said if he had doubts we mustn't push it. It just faded away. I put a bold face on it, but I really missed that boy. He was beautiful.

Quest: Have you ever made an approach to other men?

Landlady: To one yes. I saw him on a platform. I really pushed myself. We went to bed the same night. It was a bad move. I'm not talking about him. He was a bastard.

Quest: Thank you.

Two Lathe operator, 23 years old, auburn, town of origin Tewkesbury

This interviewee, attractive and sexy, left secondary modern school and went into a local factory. She had had several jobs in different factories. She had many boy friends and had been engaged twice. She lived with her cousin and an aunt.

Quest: You claim that you often take the lead in sex matters?

Operator: Not claim. I'm not boasting. It's just the way it is these days.

Quest: Can you explain?

Operator: Well, some chaps are so dim you just have to. It always has been like that. Ever since I was at school.

Quest: Was that when you first took the sex lead?

Operator: I suppose so.

Quest: Tell me about the first time.

Operator: The first time was a mistake. I remember it ever so well. There was this boy in my class. He was big and good-looking. Very snooty he was and I wanted him to notice me. I used to day dream about him. I used to think that if he touched my breasts and fanny I wouldn't mind at all. Even if he stripped me naked. Then I began to think of doing things to him, like holding his thing. I thought he was ever so sophisticated, and then one morning after assembly I was pushed or something in a corridor just as he was coming towards me and I fell forward. I put out my hand to save myself and it went straight on to his fly buttons. It felt all soft. And then he blushed. I think that is when I found out that men are very shy. You can take liberties with them and they don't get snooty.

Quest: That was very interesting, but not a real sex encounter.

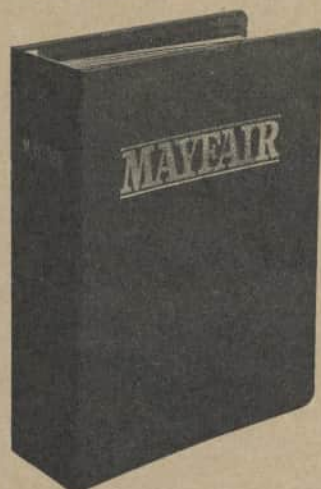
Operator: I know. I was going to tell you. I had this reputation of being a bit flirty, you know, and lots of boys tried to kiss me in the playground. I was in the top class then and had breasts and everything. There was this very boastful boy and we were all in the playground. It was this country school and there was a little wood behind the playground. Everyone showed off about going in the woods with the boys. Anyway, this boy said he would like to take me. His friends were there so just to see I said OK. And off we went to the wood. I think he was a bit surprised. When we got in the wood he wanted to go a long way in so no one would see us. We got right to the middle and I just stood there with my hands on my hips and said 'What now?' I was a bit of a bitch. I had this gym slip on but my breasts were quite large and I pushed them

right out. He took hold of me and began to kiss me. He'd never done French kissing before and when I did that to him he began to gasp. He put his hands on my breasts and I let him have a bit of a feel then I put my hands on his flies. He pulled away and I'll never forget it: he looked so shocked. 'We can't,' he said, 'you might have a baby'. I just laughed at him and said: 'I only want to look at it.' He didn't seem very keen, but he let me undo the buttons (I love undoing fly buttons, much better than zips) and I took it out, it was quite a rod. And then being me I began to rub it. He was very embarrassed and tried to squirm away but suddenly he went all rigid. I felt very, you know, powerful, when I made him come. After that he wanted to feel me, you know, in my pants but I wasn't having any. We went back to the others and some days later one of my friends heard that we were supposed to have had sex together. I was mad at him and told everyone what a small one he'd got. That soon shut him up.

Quest: And after that you often took the lead?

Operator: Yes but I don't want you to think I'm sex mad. It's nice to have a nice boy to take you around. And if he's got a car and things. But lots of boys only take you out if they think you're going to give it to them. So you have to encourage them. I mean, I met this very nice chap at a dance. There was some mod dancing but some of these old dances, too. He always kept his distance so when he finally came near I pushed my tummy at him. That usually gets them. They think you're hot. One boy

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actually said to me 'Doll, you got hot pants.'

Quest: And do you actually finish up 'giving it' to these boys?

Operator: Usually yes, but that's not the point. All girls do, don't they? It's only some girls who pretend they don't. I know lots of girls who have it but tell their mums they're not. It makes sense, doesn't it?

Quest: I don't know. How about a recent time when you've taken the lead? Tell me about that.

Operator: It's hard to think. But there was a special one a year ago at the place I worked at then.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Operator: There was an overseer chap at this place, Mr Baldwin. I always thought him rather nice but a bit henpecked by his wife. He wasn't too old, about thirty five or possibly forty, I suppose. He used to brush past me and I knew he'd noticed me. Then one evening when everything had finished I stayed behind because a boy friend was picking me up. The sod didn't turn up on time and there I was all dressed up and nowhere to go.

Quest: How were you dressed?

Operator: I had a frilly blouse and a red mini skirt that buttoned up the side. And these same white boots.

Quest: Quite a sexy get up.

Operator: Thank you.

Quest: Go on.

Operator: Anyway, Mr Baldwin saw me outside. He was in his office. He called me in and he began to natter on. He said he wished his wife would wear boots like mine, and how nice I looked and then he said did I like tights, and then he said it was the shortest skirt he'd ever seen and how I had to be careful when I bent over. Then I said 'what does it matter' and I bent right over with my bum in the air. He nearly had a heart attack. He then did a funny thing. He put out his hand and stroked my panties on my bottom and said 'It's beautiful.' That really threw me. I suppose it was because this other boy hadn't turned up and I wanted to show him. I just suddenly said: 'The front's even better.' and I took his other hand and pushed it under my skirt onto my crotch. I'll give him his due. He didn't need any encouragement then. He was down the front of my tights and pants in a second. I felt quite fruity, I suppose because I was so dressed up. I could see from his bulge what was happening to him

so I undid his flies and took it out. It was a beauty. He was putting his arms round me and was moaning and saying how marvellous I was. I pulled him against me. He seemed startled but I said it was all right I was on the pill. Not that we could do much. I had my tights and pants down round the top of my boots and I couldn't open my legs properly but he got it in a bit. It was a bit of a thrill, somehow. And then we heard this voice saying 'So that's what you're doing!' and there was this boy of mine. There I was with my skirt up and my tights down, and Joe Baldwin with his thing out. I giggled but that made it worse. This boy just said a lot of swearing and stormed out. I heard his motor bike go off. Joe seemed all different then. He grinned - he'd got a nice grin - and he said we might as well finish it now and he unzipped my boots. Once he'd got them off my tights and pants came off easily. He said I was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He laid me down on this big old table where they put all the plans and things. Then he took off his trousers and we did it on the table. I'd never have thought it of him, not after what had happened.

Quest: And did it happen again?

Operator: No, I left shortly after, but I often think of that old table. It was a bit hard on the bottom though.

Quest: Thank you.

Three Secretary, 20 years old, blonde, town of origin London

This interviewee, a vital girl of considerable sex appeal, trained at commercial college as a secretary but after two jobs, took a 'sabbatical' to safari through Yugoslavia and Greece. Upon her return she became a temporary secretary. She had a varied social life, no steady boy friend, and she shared a flat with a girl friend.

Quest: May I put a straight question to you? Do you consider you are a randy girl?

Secretary: Wow, you certainly get straight in. No, I don't. Well, yes I do. Not all the time.

Quest: More than most?

Secretary: Perhaps so. Perhaps I'm just more honest.

Quest: Do you always dress as you are now?

Secretary: In what way?

Quest: Short skirt, tight sweater, that wet-look lipstick.

Secretary: Not all the time, no. I wear other things.

Quest: Would you wear what you're wearing now at the office?

Secretary: Yes, of course.

Quest: Then I can believe anything that you tell me about sex at your office. I expect men find it hard to keep their hands off you.

Secretary: There's nothing special about the way I dress. I still like minis because my legs are quite good, but my bosom is a bit small, you must admit.

Quest: But your mouth is wet and half open and very, very sexy.

Secretary: Hey, you're conducting an interview not trying a seduction...

Quest: I know, it's just that people who hear this later ought to know what you

look like. You were saying when we first talked informally that you often take the lead with men...

Secretary: No I didn't. I said that some men I really fancied, if they didn't notice me, I'd do something to attract their attention. Nothing too much, mind. I mean I don't take my knicks off and wave them round my head.

Quest: Pity...

Secretary: Pardon?

Quest: Nothing. What sort of thing are you prepared to do to attract a boy?

Secretary: Depends where you are. At a party, for instance, it's easy. You just wander across with a cigarette and say 'Is there an ashtray behind you?' He'll fumble around and hold it while you flick the ash off and you're away.

Quest: And if it's not at a party?

Secretary: Depends where you are. In a crowded train or place like that it's easy. I just push my titties at them. Then when they look round I say 'sorry'. You actually have to say something. Isn't that crazy! You not only have to stab them in the back with a pair of 35's, you have to apologise for doing it...

Quest: Where did you get that phrase 'pair of 35's'? It doesn't sound like you. Too masculine.

Secretary: Too right. Good for you. It was a boy Tom I met that way. That was how he described it later. He was a great guy, but very kinky.

Quest: In what way?

Secretary: He liked taking girls' pants off. Just that. Anywhere. In a car, on a bus, once even at Grosvenor House. It excited him. I didn't mind too much but it got too expensive in pants...

Quest: How do you mean?

Secretary: He wouldn't give them back. He always liked to keep them. Actually he was always buying them for me so it wasn't really expensive. He really fell for me for wrong reasons.

Quest: How?

Secretary: I hate wearing tights, you see, and it was summer time and I quite like doing things for a dare and, anyway, I got quite a thrill walking round some places knowing I had no pants on. Do I sound nutty?

Quest: Not at all. I haven't quite followed about the tights and the wrong reason.

Secretary: Don't you see? I thought he worshipped me but it was because I didn't wear tights. It's usually impossible for a girl to take her pants off discreetly if she's wearing tights. They're either underneath or they get tangled up. That's why he thought I was so great.

Quest: Could it not also have been that you actually took off your knickers. Perhaps his other girls didn't.

Secretary: Oh, I think they did. At least he said they did.

Quest: But this wasn't the man you were going to tell me about?

Secretary: No that was Alastair. Alastair McGovern, the man I Had to Have. How's that for a title?

Quest: Great. Don't call us we'll call you. But, to be serious tell me about him. It



was when you were a temporary wasn't it?

Secretary: Yes, During the summer I do temporary work. The difference between me and most temps is that my shorthand and typing is really good. Because of this they usually ask me to stay on a second or third week . . .

Quest: Perhaps because of the legs and wet lips too . . .

Secretary: You're sex mad. Girls have brains too as well as boobs . . . I've known temps with 38-inch chests not last two days in a job. No, they ask me to stay because I'm good at the job.

Quest: Of course. Please go on.

Secretary: At this particular job - wild horses won't drag the name from me - I was secretary to Alastair while his regular girl was on holiday. He was one of the directors. The youngest. Not the boss's son or anything. He got there by his own efforts. He'd been a salesman, then sales manager, and now he was a director. He was 31, a very smart dresser, and yippee, unmarried. I couldn't believe my luck.

Quest: Any reason why he wasn't married?

Secretary: Let me tell the story. Don't keep interrupting. Of course, it's what any girl thinks, although some men don't marry till very late, especially if they're making money. They get cagey. Anyway, the first morning I found he wasn't queer or anything.

Quest: How was that?

Secretary: Oh not what you think. The way he looked at the other girls. The attractive ones he was more aware of. A girl can tell. And he doesn't just look at the face, his eyes go to bosom and bottom. And if she bends down or anything, you see his eyes flick across. It's easy to tell. You sit in a train with me and I'll suddenly cross my legs, you'll see men's eyes flicker. It's funny.

Quest: I'd rather you uncross your legs . . .

Secretary: Shut up sex maniac. Where was I?

Quest: Deciding the boss wasn't queer.

Secretary: So that was that. I soon found out from the other girls that he'd had a fiancée at one time but it had been broken off about six months ago. During all that week I was at my nicest, but although he was obviously aware of me as a girl he didn't make any sort of pass. I could make his eyes flicker but nothing else did, if you follow.

Quest: Perfectly.

Secretary: He was quite matey, as a lot of young executives are, but nothing else. Anyway, he asked me to stay a second week and I agreed like a shot. He even asked me to work late once but not even a pinch on the bottom. I was getting desperate.

Quest: For what? Sex?

Secretary: Of course not. To make an effect on him. He was very dishy and I didn't like being ignored. I spoke to the other girls discreetly of course, and then the truth came out although I don't think they realised how it had affected Alastair. About a year before there had been a great scandal. The boss's son was working his way up the firm and was just about to be a director. Then it was found that he'd been making love to a married woman at the office, actually at the office it was said, and he was going to be cited in the divorce from the woman's husband. It didn't get to the divorce court because the husband came bellowing into the office and tried to sock the boss's son. It was terribly funny, apparently. Well, anyway, the boss's son just vanished. It turned out that the boss had fired him. When another director had quiet words with the old man he was told that there'd be no sex in the office while he was there. So I decided that Alastair was too keen on his job to want to share the same fate.

Quest: So you made plans . . .

Secretary: Just little ones. It was a bit of a challenge wasn't it?

Quest: Indeed, but couldn't you have angled an evening date away from the office . . .

Secretary: There you go. You men are all alike. Your immediate thought is that I should fit in to suit him. If he wanted me it would have to be in the office. And I was going to make sure he wanted me. It was a challenge really . . .

Quest: So what did you do?

Secretary: Stood very near to him when I gave him letters. Stood next to him rather than facing him. Just brushing his side. Lots of perfume and a tight skirt. Blouses seem to work on men, especially if the top button is undone. Then I did my 'pair of 35's' trick when I bent over him from behind, but I wasn't getting far although I could tell he was aware of me. That's what gives a girl confidence. You know he's rather liking what he sees. Anyway, I had to do something a bit more obvious and then the opportunity came.

He had in his office an arm chair, a low comfy one. Alastair said that it was for the chairman to sit in when he did his informal visits. He buzzed for me one afternoon and he was sitting in this chair and not behind his desk. The chair I normally sat in was pushed against the desk and I pretended not to see it. I just said brightly: 'And where am I going to sit?' and I plonked myself down in his lap. I felt my face go red, yes, girls still blush sometimes, you know, but his free hand came across my thighs and rested on them. 'So this is the new method of taking dictation' he said, and I said 'Yes, it's more fun'. I could feel that the conversation was going to die so I said 'Um, big strong muscles' and I

rubbed my hand over his chest. It was a silk shirt or something and it made me shiver. And there my mouth was right near him so I kissed him just lightly.

Quest: And how did he react?

Secretary: He shifted a bit in the seat and looked at me and said: 'You sexy little bitch' and he brought his mouth nearer mine. I was open and waiting for him. He was obviously an expert. How he could kiss! I was hardly aware of his hands until I found my blouse open to the waist and with a quick flip he'd pulled my bra over my breasts. My nipple was like a little stalk in his slow fingers. He rolled them about, and then he put his mouth to them and was sucking them, then he began gently to bite my breasts, very gently not fiercely. I was gasping. I was bucking about in that chair stretching and pushing my breasts into his mouth. My legs were hanging there limply and suddenly his hand was rubbing me between the legs. I could feel I was damp and his for the asking. Then he got up and kissed me fiercely and said 'Not here, not now.' That really made me furious.

Quest: Why?

Secretary: Why? Because there I was all worked up and now he, having got me to a state I hadn't been in for months, didn't find it convenient to do anything about it. I was on the pill so there was no risk. I told him that, and he still said no. I grabbed him by the trousers and I could see he was raring to go. Then I told him he was scared that the chairman or someone might come in. That did it. He didn't say a word he just went to his door and locked it. Funny really he had to scrabble round in his drawer for the key. Obviously hadn't locked it for years. Then he came back to me. I was leaning against his desk and he pulled my arms as far apart as possible and just leaned over me until my hair was dangling on the desk. He kissed me long and lingeringly and then still holding hands moved down my neck and on to my breasts. I could feel his erection against me. Then he straightened up and said slowly 'what do you want?' I looked at the bulge in his trousers and pointed to it. 'I want that in here' and pointed to my sex. My skirt had ridden up on the edge of the desk and my pants had got a bit tangled, you could see my pubic hair. 'OK,' he said. He had suddenly gone all hard.

Quest: His voice?

Secretary: As well as everything else. He undid his zip and brought out this erect monster. I remember this great feeling of triumph when I say it. But he wasn't going to make it easy. He pushed my thighs wide apart and then he did a humiliating thing.

Quest: What was that?

Secretary: He just brought forward his hand, quite slowly, and pulled my pants to one side. He wasn't even going to take them off. Then he put his other hand round to my bottom and pulled me to him while he pushed towards me. He went straight into me, quite slowly, and I gasped. 'You bastard,' I said 'you absolute bastard, oh, oh, oh.' He just lifted me and turned me round and sat on the desk himself. Then he

got his hand underneath me and moved me up and down on him. I was whimpering, I think, saying something like 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry.' I suppose it was because I knew I'd been a bitch. Then I felt myself coming and I wrapped my legs round him and threw my head on his chest. I could feel him all strong as I shuddered. What a way to go. Then he put me down quite gently in the armchair, zipped himself up and said 'Now about that dictation.' I could have killed him. I was lying there like a limp rag. Then he did a lovely thing. He bent down and kissed my forehead and said: 'Thank you.' What an infuriating man.

SURVEY SUMMARY

The conclusion from this survey needs very little underlining. In each of the interviews sex took place as a result of the girl taking advantage of a moment when the relationship would otherwise not have progressed, on that occasion at least. The first interview is a good example of a thread that runs throughout *Quest*, namely that people need each other but rarely have the courage and confidence to admit it. The result of this woman's ability to take the lead at a crucial moment brought happiness to both of them and no hurt to anyone. The boy admitted later that he had often wanted to make love to the woman. The fear of rebuff had presumably prevented his making an approach. We thought her story showed nothing of the aggressive 'equality' stirring we find today, merely a woman's practical commonsense helping the situation over a difficult moment.

In interview two, we presumably had the man who knew what he wanted but didn't know how to ask for it. Perhaps he was lucky. It was probably the girl's anger at the non-punctual boy friend and the wish to 'pay him out' that led to her escalating the conversation with a blatant physical act. We at once thought how much this had in common with a famous act of female sensuality: the chorus line at the Moulin Rouge poking its belaced bottoms at the audience.

In interview three, we had an example of the girl who really wanted equality. Sex seen more as men see it, a physical encounter with overtones of triumph. How close some of her phrases were to the male comment of 'I'd like to lay that.' A word should be said of the interviewer. He was not as rude or insensitive as he appears in this script. He had been told that to get this girl talking it was more necessary to treat her as an equal. She enjoyed the battle. It would need a psychologist to draw any conclusion on her insistence on sex in the office and the reasons given. Most interesting, however, was that faced with a man who was obviously a strong character she quickly accepted the 'humiliation' of sex with her knickers on and finished whimpering against his chest. The classic Victorian picture of the chastised wife. Once again in extending our knowledge of womanhood, as this survey does, we find ourselves saying 'the more we know the less we know.'



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Fasten your seat belts. This is your Transport Minister speaking. I am about to stop all these crazy crashes...

William Boddy, Mayfair motoring correspondent, is one of the country's top driving experts. Here he gives his own provoking solutions to highway chaos



If I were to wake up one day and discover I'd been burdened with the job of Transport Minister and all that involves, I wouldn't like it – I wouldn't like it at all.

For a start, I should hate wearing black coats above pin-stripe trousers (if that's what they still wear) and being driven about in the parlours of official cars. I know that I should not like having to be in an office, any sort of office, for

very long, no matter how charming the secretaries. I am aware that as Minister of Transport I would be responsible not only for the free passage of you motoring types but also for what goes on in the air, on the seas and the railways. That's a pretty all-embracing job for one Bod, surely?

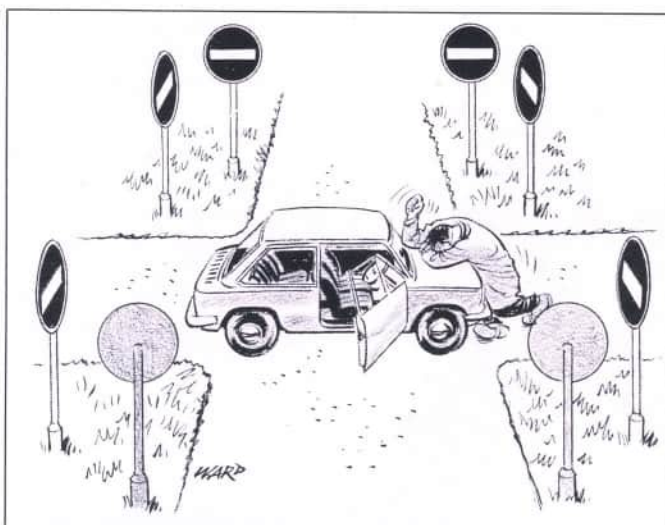
Right. I am in my office, having arrived chauffeur-driven at 10 am. My keen young minions, smelling promotion, come in to inform me about the latest statements Ralph Nader is making about dangerous cars, pollution from cars, noise from cars, and more . . . dangerous cars. I nod, thank them, indicate my 'in'-tray and do nothing about all this. Not because I am untroubled about all the things lawyer Nader

finds so obnoxious. You cannot cast your eye out of the windows of the Ministry without wondering if all the exhaust fumes you are going to breathe out there, and all the noise isn't highly anti-social. It is just that there are, in my opinion – and you voted for me, didn't you – more important things to be occupied with. Speed-limits for instance. I know how well most modern cars handle in emergencies. I know what a stupid waste of



time most of the speed-limit cases constitute. So I would like to have a quick review of these radar-checked speeds, to see whether I could lift the 30 mph limit to 40 mph and abolish most of the 50 mph limits, without losing too many votes. I should have to tread very carefully here. Speed, by suggestion rather than demonstration, has become so much the symbol of death and destruction that any move to permit more of it results in *instant hysteria*. Yet I think the very fact that so many speed-limits are being broken all the time by a few miles per hour suggests that in many cases drivers know best the sort of pace which is safe under prevailing circumstances. So I might, if feeling brave and breezy, lift 30s to 40s where Chief Constables had no valid arguments why I shouldn't. I might well wait to do this until Mr Heath's car had been reported going through a 30 mph limit on a deserted bit of road (if it ever does) before making my proposals firm. But I would be very disappointed if I spent my period in office without ridding you of some, at least, of these futile speed restrictions.

Hand in hand with this bit of legislation I would go for abolishing the 70 mph limit on motorways. Motorways cost money, fabulous sums. They are intended to speed-up inter-



city traffic. Insisting that you all cruise at 65 or so on wide, divided three-lane motorways is nonsensical. I would get rid of the 70 thing, either altogether or make it 100 mph for the Civil Servants who must have it in round figures, at any rate, for private cars in daylight.

I would balance this piece of revolutionary change by warning drivers who were involved in motorway crashes that heavier penalties would be likely to be imposed and that very thorough investigations would be set up to discover exactly who caused the accidents and why. I would expect speed to figure for a while and then diminish, replaced by careless, casual driving, car failures and the like. If I could

survive in office to prove my point I would be a very cock-a-hoop MoT.

Having tried not to curb harshly the speed freedom of drivers, I should have to tackle the accident problem. With more and more cars and new drivers flooding inadequate roads, what could I do? One attempt I think might be made would be to instil some sense of pride in those behind the steering wheel – of sports-car, family car, lorry or van. I think some credit is due to those who contrive to keep out of trouble in the rush and tumble of day and night, all-weather road traffic movement. If you give someone cause to feel proud they will often take steps to do even better. So I would use television as a medium for

getting this over. Away with the black coffins and Christmas Eve accident statistics. On with Jackie Stewart telling chaps how good they are as drivers and how to do even better in 1972. It might work. But it could do no harm, cost no more, than those Party Political broadcasts.

Lack of driving concentration, faulty tyres and brakes, inability to control a skid on ice, snow or wet roads, bad judgement of braking distances, or going too quickly in the wrong circumstances . . . make the chaps proud of not doing these things, and you *might* get a little way towards lower accident figures.

Over my 4 o'clock cup of tea at the Ministry I would like to have words with my legal advisers to see whether we could do something about endorsed licences. Losing a driving licence is a great deterrent. But three endorsements in three years – if these are for the less serious offences, such as doing 33 mph in a 30-limit, parking just too long or in a silly but not criminal place, or being in an accident which can sometimes occur and not be anyone's fault (a skid on ice, for instance) – should not remove the right to do any more driving for six months or more. Too many people today earn their livings behind a steering wheel. So I would try to have endorsements deleted after a year instead of three years, and to have them only for more serious offences. In addition, I would announce that penalties for serious offences would in future be more severe, though more uniform between one magistrate and another.

Special courts for motoring cases, off-the-road parking places subsidised by meter charges, more police patrol cars tasked to help as much as to apprehend drivers? These would be long-term aims.

I have wondered for a long time whether a scheme for recruiting Motor Special Police from the well-established motor clubs would not be worthwhile, if it could be made workable; the idea being to have at one's call an experienced corps of chaps who would be prepared to do extra traffic duties, help in times when freak weather conditions hit the roads, co-operate with the regular police in times of exceptional accidents, etc.



Narrow escape from a 100-vehicle M1 pile in which two people were killed and 60 others injured

Something would need to be done immediately about fog on motorways. Urgent directives would have to go out to the motorway police to close motorways whenever possible in advance of fog settling on them. If a motorist brakes on a fog-bound motorway he is liable to be rammed astern. If he carries on at gradually diminishing speed, edging over to the slow lane and the hard shoulder, he is going to be called a criminal lunatic for passing onlookers at a considerable speed. I say get him off before these problems arise – don't wait to see how thick the fog is going to be.

Problems are greatly eased by spacing out the cars on motorways. With my abolition of the present 70 mph speed-limit, some drivers would be surprised to find themselves in trouble for travelling too close to the vehicle in front, whether at 50 or 100 mph, and even for flashing a 'get-over' signal to a car using the outer lane when this would induce it to move into the path of a car on the middle lane – and so on. (Better motorway usage would be part of that TV talk.) I would sit at the statistics tape, fingers and probably feet crossed, hoping that even with speeds up accidents would drop.

Another thing I should try to find out about would be those local accident hazards – you know, the hedge that when trimmed gives clearer visibility round a bend, a newly-erected sign which does just the opposite, a patch of road which has become suddenly extremely slippery . . . The obvious is so often overlooked, I wonder, would I need a terribly large increase in staff to monitor hazards of this kind, if they were brought to my attention by the members of local motor clubs?

Hand in hand with this, would come a campaign against parking on any road or even side-street if other parking places existed. Roads are for motor-ing on, not stopping on. The police and wardens would be polite and firm about enforcing this, at first . . .

I really haven't a clue whether I would be unpopular with motorists or praised. I shall never know, because it's all a journalist's dream, and here we go again, road-testing an interesting fast car – watching in the rear-view mirror like billy-o!

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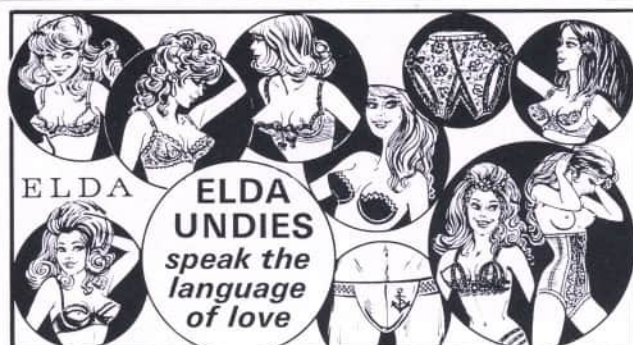
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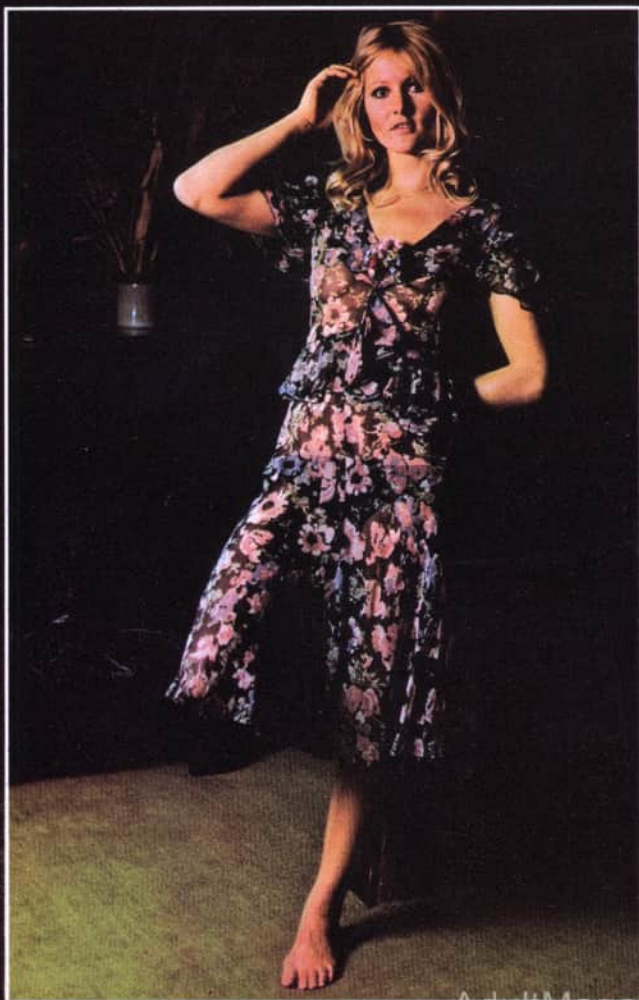
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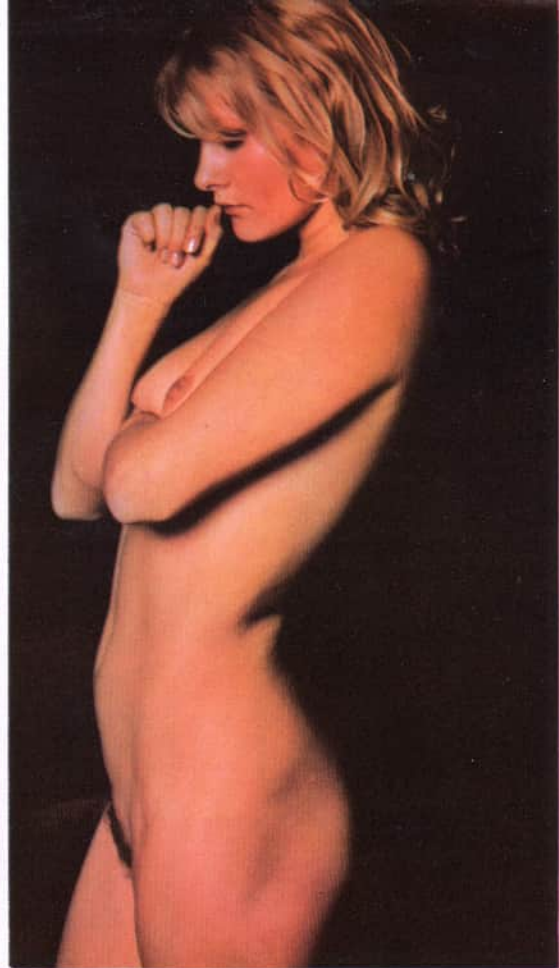
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY JIM BUNKER

When Tricia told us she worked in banking we imagined her own 36-22-35 behind dusty glass, surrounded by vast ledgers, ploughing through endless rows of less interesting figures. 'But no,'

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she said – no trace of her Germanic parentage in her soft coaxing voice – ‘banking in the city is not all stuffy cardboard collars and muted tones.’ At 18 she wants nothing trendier. ‘I like solid men,’ she says, ‘who know where they’re going. Not butterfly lovers. I’m romantic, certainly, but to me security is just as important. I like steadiness.’



We must not mention her bank, she told us. 'My manager is nice enough to understand,' she said, 'but banks do have their image – and nudity is not it. They'd go all funny.' Funny, no; hot and cold, perhaps.



LYNDA

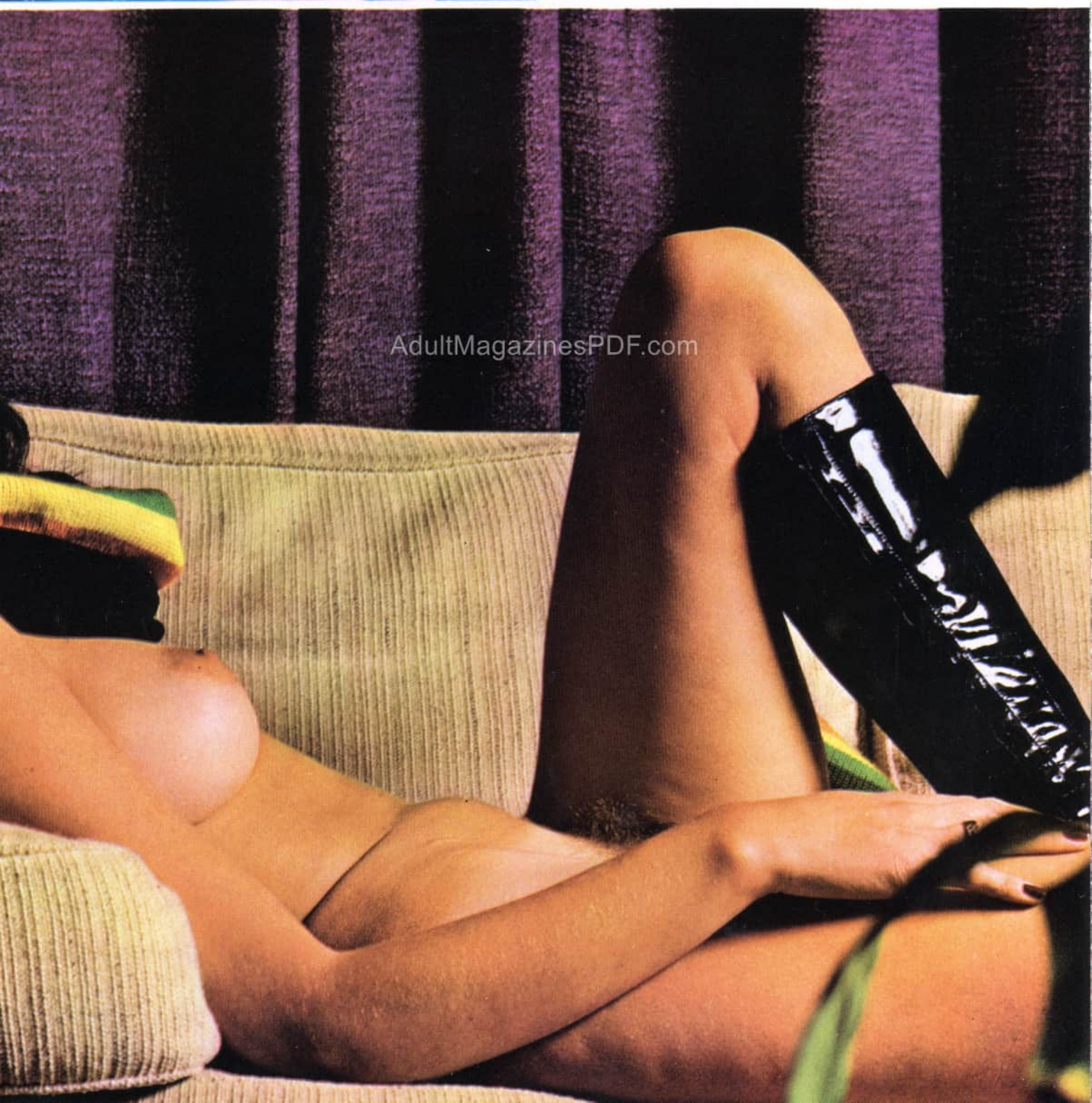
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Rarely of late has the centuries-old belief in revelation through suffering, much beloved of St Augustine and others, been so gloriously confirmed. Nursing the pain, a fast-escalating toothache developed while motoring through Yorkshire, was Mayfair's Ian Penn. At the hastily located dentist's came the revelation: Miss Lynda Hewetson, dark-eyed and efficient, quite the most soothing dental receptionist Penn, or





we would venture, anyone else has ever come across. She seemed an obvious must for centre spread honours. Would she or wouldn't she? In fact, delightfully, she would: 'Nobody's ever asked me to appear in a magazine or anything like that before. I suppose I should feel flattered. Well, I do, really, to be quite honest.' Tall and 22, Lynda (37-23-36) was youngest in a family of boys. 'My eldest brother, he's an engineer now, always used to say that I was spoilt, and I suppose I was, really. My other two brothers always made a fuss of me and my mother had longed for a daughter apparently; so in one way and another I had a very easy childhood.' After a spell with an advertising agency in Leeds, she decided that she wasn't cut out for office work and took a job in a





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chemist's. 'Then I saw this ad one day saying that a dentist was looking for a receptionist. I've been there just over a year now.' Unzipping a boot, she explains that hot pants are quite permitted under a white coat: she smiles, with just a hint of nervousness. 'Actually, I'm getting to know quite a bit about the whole thing, caring for your teeth, that sort of thing, that I didn't know before.' Such as, we ask? 'Well, you know all that controversy in the papers a while back about toothpaste, about how some of the commercial brands are supposed to have sugar in them and some experts are claiming that they can do more harm than good to your teeth? I've discovered this Japanese toothpaste, it's a powder really, that's very good indeed. It's a mixture of powdered aubergine heads and sea salt. It looks like charcoal. I know it sounds weird but it really works.' When not at the surgery, Lynda's favourite pastime, aside from dancing, is chess. 'It's one of the few things I've kept up since I was at school. I used to enjoy acting quite a lot, for instance. Ice skating's another thing. I used to be very good. I went again for the first time in years a few weeks ago and I could hardly stand up on the ice. I felt really sad when I discovered that; I wished that I hadn't gone again at all.' Intending to make the best of the winter, however, she's going ski-ing with a girl friend in a month's time. 'My mother's given me £20 towards the cost. Maybe I can pick up skating again then.' Lynda rests both thumbs in her pants and we ask her about her views on marriage. 'Surprising though it may seem, I don't believe in it. I'm not a political person in any way, but I can't understand why what is, after all, the most private thing in the world involving two people, two parties, should involve a third party, the state. I don't know that marriage is outmoded exactly. Obviously, for a lot of people it isn't, but I think there are a lot as well these days who just aren't bothering with



getting married in the formal sense. The oldest lady I know is 94 and she never ever got married on principle. Imagine: that was a really daring thing to do in those days; it must have been before the First World War. But there was nothing promiscuous about it. She lived with the same man until he died, sometime in the late 'thirties. They had three children and it doesn't seem to have hampered them. One of them's a solicitor now,' Lynda admits, however: 'I don't know how I would react if I was actually seriously faced with getting married. It's quite possible that I would get married in certain circumstances. It's very difficult to be hard and fast about that sort of thing. I mean, you have to take children into account, for example, don't you?' She pauses, gazing enigmatically at her discarded pants: 'Men are so strange . . .' So too, Lynda, are women. She stretches lazily, her thoughts a million miles away. With such a girl, what man, we ask, could possibly refuse a request to open wide?







MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LYNDIA HEWETSON



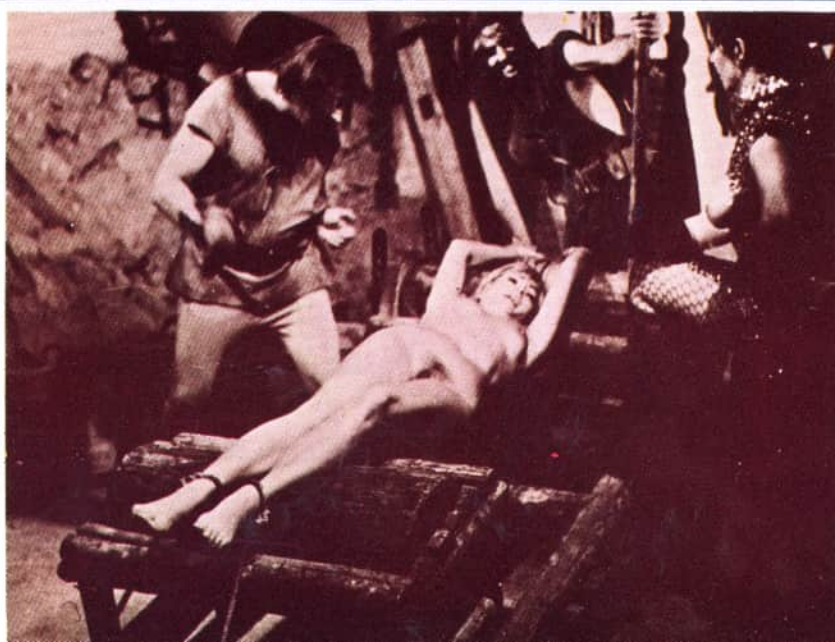


MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LYNDY HEWETSON





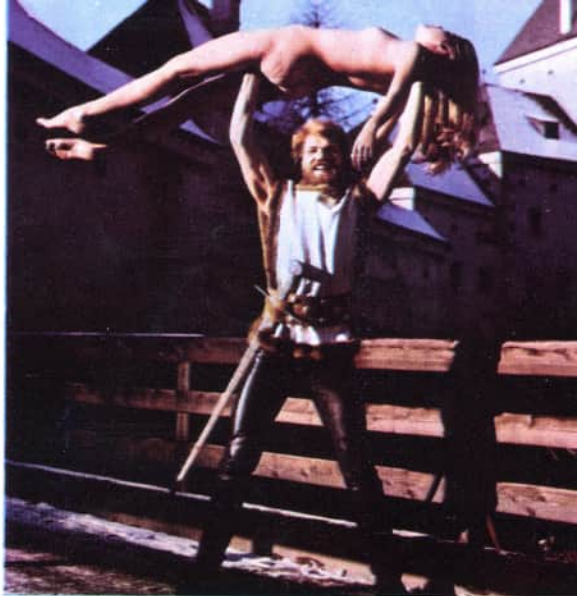
With that mighty sword secured for once at his belt, Siegfried (top right) displays the spoils of victory while luckless maidens (above and right) stretch out involuntarily at the whim of the rank and file. At centre right, Siegfried wallows in a welter of comely flesh as he gets down to the job in hand. There's more than just a nip in the air as these two Lieutenants (far right) drink from goblets and indulge in a little horn of their own



Siegfried's got a thrusty sword, girls - nudge, nudge - get the point?

Film preview: latest feats of knightly foreplay

Ever wondered how those feudal Knights earned the impressive adjectives that went with their names? The Terrible Quick Sword of Siegfried (X) backs up our own sneaking suspicion that those titles weren't awarded for feats of derring-do in battle but by prowess of a very different kind leagues from the scene of carnage and had direct connections with a gentleman's more, er, intimate weaponry. The film hasn't appeared in this country yet, so months in advance we've tracked down a batch of stills before they've run the risk of the censor's scissors. The film features the amorous adventures of our Knight and lauds the lusty thrustings of this tall Nordic hero who's strong, fearless and has magical powers to boot. As if that isn't enough, Siegfried





also seems loath to sheath that mighty weapon of his while there's even a whisp of skirt in the offing. There are murky deeds afoot with oodles of murder, rape and mayhem as our Siegfried scythes his way through the maidenhood of a particularly well-endowed principality. Plots begin to hatch just as soon as Siegfried and his trusty manservant Hansel arrive at the sumptuous palace of Gunther, King of all Burgundy. Siegfried's reputation with his weapon has gone before him and he comes in for the full red-carpet treatment, much to the envy of evil one-eyed Hagen, the King's Secretary for War (Whore, even?). Hagen attempts to chop Siegfried off in his prime. His attempt backfires and dispatches Hagen instead to where ever bungling Secs of War were sent to. Then, right on cue, enters a sweet young thing named Kriemhild, the King's sister, who encourages Siegfried to try his hand at a more intimate duel for two. He complies and the plot thickens satisfactorily as all manner of maidens appear, disrobe and lay down their all for a fate much better than death, thanks to that mighty sword.

Kriemhild (left) soaps off during one of the film's infrequent pauses while (below) more earthy activities prove more popular. Right (top to bottom), a hay-barn battle is frozen by our own action foreplay as (bottom) two near misses find solace with each other. Far right (top) Kriemhild's maid turns manual worker as her mistress strips off and (bottom) conventional confrontation







'That's the note I was telling you about!'